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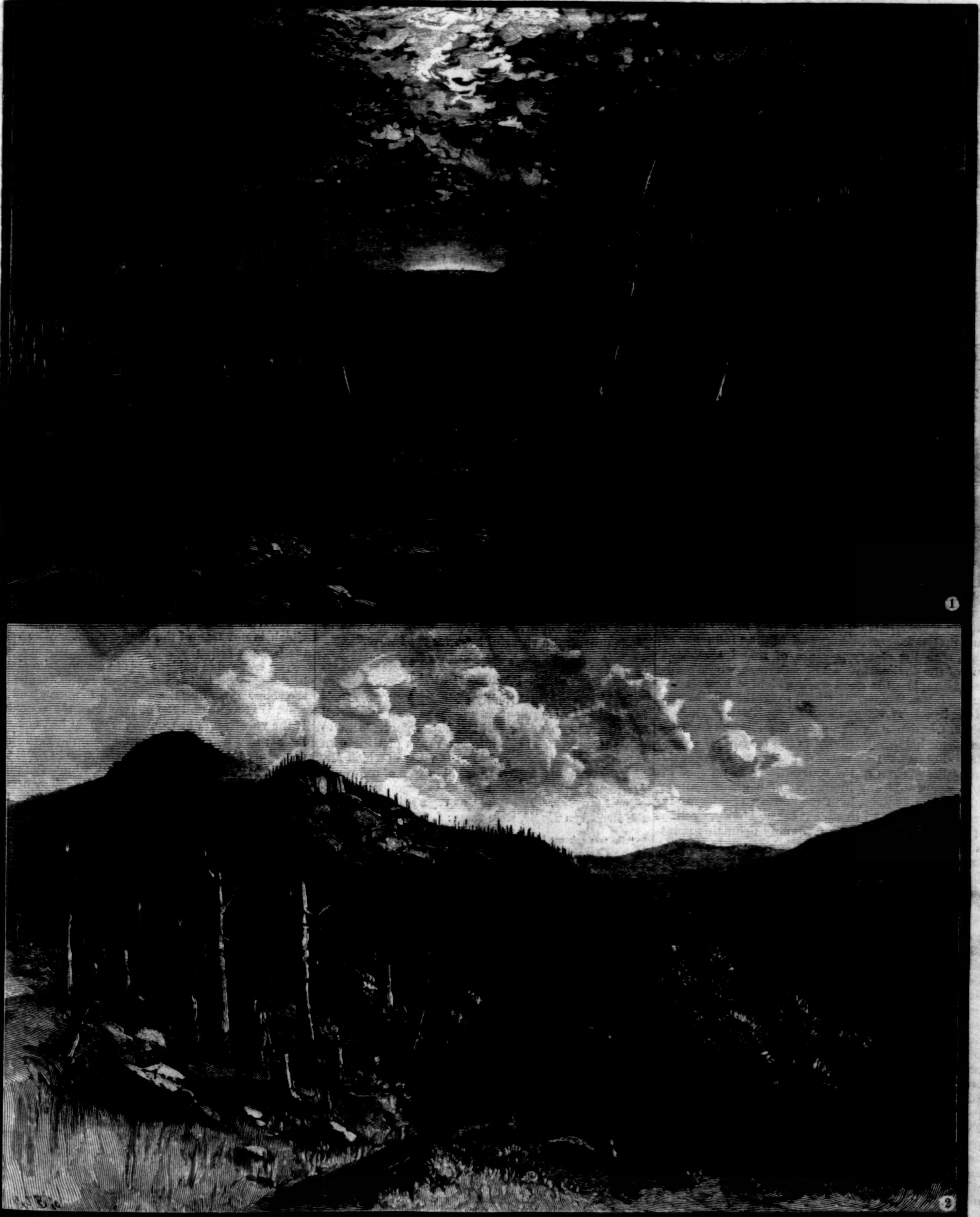

DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—DRAWN BY JULIAN RIX.—[SEE PAGE 805.]

1. Great Burned Tract on the Road to Indian Lake. 2. Ragged Mountain, near Schroon River.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1884.

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The next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *will bear a pleasant Christmas greeting to its readers. There will be Christmas stories and poems by some of our most popular writers, and illustrations by* F. S. CHURCH, F. DIELMAN, HOWARD PYLE, A. B. FROST, *and* W. T. SMEDLEY. *A superb eight-page* SUPPLEMENT, *and a tinted cover ornamented with a tasteful design by* F. S. CHURCH, *will add to the attractiveness of the number. Price ten cents.*

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THE ELECTION AND EQUAL RIGHTS.

THE situation in the Southern States arising from the emancipation and enfranchisement of the colored race is one that presents a difficult problem. But undoubtedly it has been long the general conviction that little more can be done by means of law, and that the harmonizing and healing influence of time, with the steady pressure of sound sentiment and of the obvious interest of both races, would gradually complete the good work which, at least, is begun. It was this feeling which led to the withdrawal of the troops by a Republican Administration—an act which was denounced by many Republicans as a surrender of helpless freedmen to the fury of angry ex-slave-holders. But nobody now would seriously doubt the wisdom of the course that was pursued in 1877, nor would any intelligent man gravely allege that the colored people in the Southern States are in greater danger of ill treatment because of the election of Mr. CLEVELAND. The testimony upon this point is very general and significant. From Wisconsin a correspondent writes: "I am a young Democrat of the most pronounced abolition antecedents, and I glory in the fact that our national victory is due so much to the sentiment.... that he who serves his country most serves his party best." A New-Yorker writes: "If any such dire results follow a Democratic administration as are predicted by Mr. BLAINE, especially as to the negroes, thousands of Simon Pure Democrats like myself will hereafter vote the opposition ticket." The colored chairman of the Republican Executive Committee of Georgia alleges that he and the most prominent colored Republicans in the Southern States made every effort for Mr. BLAINE. But he denies any apprehension among the colored people, and says that there is no reason that the colored vote should be solidly Republican. If the new administration be half as conservative as he anticipates, he says that it will divide the colored vote. The *Gazette* of Cairo, Illinois, an organ of the colored people, says very plainly and truly that nothing can disturb the equal citizenship of the colored Americans, and that they "are not victimized by the office-seeker who, under the guise of Republicanism, would make us believe that the wolves are in our secret chambers and about to devour our vitals."

From Michigan a Republican says: "I am a Republican, and love for that party and dislike of the Democratic party were so strong that I could not bring myself to break with the former and support the candidate of the latter, although I disapproved of the nomination of Mr. BLAINE. I find myself now, however, not only acquiescing in Mr. CLEVELAND'S election, but for several days past, as the official count progressed, actually hoping that it would not change the apparent result. I begin to realize that success under Mr. BLAINE would have been more damaging to the fair name and to the future of the Republican party than failure." A voice from Virginia says: "Now that the people of Virginia are rid of MAHONE and his followers, we hope to bring about the kindest feelings between the two races." In Louisiana, Surveyor PINCHBACK and other colored leaders who voted for Mr. BLAINE deny absolutely that there is any general apprehension among the colored citizens of the State, and anticipate a disappearance of the colored political line. This is not an unreasonable expectation. The Southern Democrats have regarded Republican ascendency as a standing menace to the Southern whites. This was a very mistaken view, but it served to hold them firmly united upon what they regarded as the chief issue, and against the colored voters who represented Republican supremacy. The change will show the colored citizens that a President of another party is perfectly friendly to them, and it will lead to the distribution of both the white and colored vote according to local and general interest and preference.

The daily papers have pointed out some misapprehensions in regard to the vote in the Southern States. In only three States are the colored people a majority, and in one of them, Louisiana, they are only a small majority. In that State the colored vote is divided, and even if the other two States, Mississippi and South Carolina, had given their electoral vote to Mr. BLAINE, he would not have been elected. In other words, the colored vote is so distributed that it could not have changed the result. If in certain communities in the Southern States the colored vote is suppressed by intimidation, it is not to that intimidation, which would not affect the general majority, that Mr. CLEVELAND owes his election. And if the national government can intervene to protect the voter beyond the existing laws, there is no reason to fear that Mr. CLEVELAND will not protect it. Congress certainly has power to defend itself, and if it can be shown that any member owes his seat either to corruption in the Northern States or to actual violence or intimidation in the Southern, he could be unseated. To any general attempt to arouse the alarm of the colored people in the Southern States, Mr. CLEVELAND'S words are the emphatic and conclusive reply. They are the words, moreover, of a man who never talks for effect, and whom everybody believes. "The whole country can be sure that the lawful power and jurisdiction of the Executive will be so exercised that the rights of all citizens, white or black, under the Constitution and the law, will be preserved and protected, and all the advantages to which they are entitled by reason of their citizenship will be secured to them.... It seems to me that our efforts.... would be aided if mischievous croakings and dark imaginings should give place to an earnest endeavor to inspire confidence, and to make universal a cheerful hope for the future."

THE PARTY BROOM.

IN his speech in Brooklyn Mr. HENDRICKS, alluding to the Independent Republicans who supported Mr. CLEVELAND, exhorted his fellow-Democrats not to drive these voters back into the ranks of their own party by any misconduct. But the way in which Mr. HENDRICKS chose to announce his views of reform in the civil service was not such as to promote this excellent purpose. His words, as reported *verbatim* in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, were these:

> "Do you ask me if I am in favor of civil service reform? Of course I am. I could not be in favor of a continuation of some things that we have seen in some of the years that have passed. The people are tired of it, and they want the change. Do you desire to know from me what civil service reform I have confidence in? I am very free to say to you people to-night that I am not particularly confident of success after the school-master's examination, but I will tell you what I have confidence in, as it was in the days of ANDREW JACKSON. Let a true man come to be President of the United States, and let true men be called around him and aid him in the public service. Let these men resolve that the only test of qualification for office shall be honesty and fitness for the service, and then you have civil service reform."

This is the reform to which the politicians of both parties are devoted, but it is not that of Mr. CLEVELAND. "Reform" as it was in the days of ANDREW JACKSON in 1830, and of the Whigs in 1840, and of the Democrats again when they came in, and of the Republicans in turn, was practically a "clean sweep." The enormous growth and extension of the civil service, and the manifest danger to free institutions of a vast organized partisan body, paid out of the public treasury and bound together by the most pressing of interests—that of a livelihood—produced the movement for a reform which should both destroy the partisan character of the service and give a public instead of a personal basis to it. This movement has thus far succeeded by the hearty co-operation of intelligent men in both parties, and despite the sneering opposition of leading politicians in both parties. A Republican President, Mr. ARTHUR, and a Democratic Governor, Mr. CLEVELAND, have been its most efficient official friends. If the President's conduct in regard to it has been satisfactory, Mr. CLEVELAND'S will not be less so, for his convictions are quite as strong as those of Mr. ARTHUR. The "party" pressure will be in kind what it has always been in both parties, but less in degree, because there is a very sound general sentiment upon the subject which is of recent growth, and because the cleverer Democratic politicians see that nothing could be such poor politics as to yield to the pressure.

If Mr. HENDRICKS'S "clean sweep" policy should prevail in the civil service there would be a clean sweep of his party at the next election. This year's experience has proved conclusively that in the absence of a vast and absorbing national issue like that of slavery aggression or war, the intelligent independent sentiment of the country will determine the election, and that sentiment is unquestionably resolved that the corrupt and demoralizing partisan prostitution of the civil service shall cease. It has happily prevented the disaster of the election of an unfit candidate to the Presidency, and it has aided in electing a President whose principle in regard to the civil service is that public office is a public trust, and not that of JACKSON, which was that public place is a partisan opportunity.

A SEPARATE CITY ELECTION.

AFTER every general election the defects in the election laws and customs are fresh in the public experience, and the suggestions of reform are very forcible. But there is a speedy reaction of feeling, and the subject is dismissed until another election shows that the defects are still unremedied. Among the changes that ought to be effected is that of the time of the city election. It is an election of very great importance, but it is conducted at present by a few trading politicians, and without any knowledge whatever upon the part of the great body of the voters. This year fortunately the spirit of reform was so active that the political bargains were baffled, and a reform Mayor was elected. But this solitary fact and happy result do not affect the argument which urges the spring election.

That argument is that in the autumn the city election is overshadowed by the State or national elections, so that the opportunity of fraud and bargain is very much greater while public attention is wholly absorbed by the candidates and the canvass for the larger interest. If the city election were held separately, attention would be concentrated upon it exclusively, and the candidates and the municipal interests would be considered upon their merits. There are but two objections to this plan which have been advanced: one is that it would involve greater expense; the other, that the voters would not turn out. The expense probably would be somewhat larger, but it would be made up a dozen times over by the advantage and the economy of an intelligently selected city government; while if the number of voters were smaller, they would know what they were doing, which is not true of the larger number who vote at the larger election.

The wiser plan evidently is to arrange the election in the manner which would be most convenient for the voters, assuming them to wish to understand both what is at stake and the character of the candidates. If the vote should be smaller, it would be more intelligent; and if smaller, it would be because of the indifference and ignorance of voters who are just as ignorant at the present election, and who vote only because they happen to be at the polls. The separate city election would enable the real local issues to be plainly presented and the local candidates to be thoroughly discussed; and if the result should be the success of bargain and fraud, it would be no greater than it has been under the present system, while every honest and public-spirited citizen would know that he could not attribute the result to the time and methods of the election, and that he could blame nothing but the indifference of the community. The change is one that should be made by the Legislature this winter.

THE GLADSTONE-SALISBURY COMPROMISE.

THE stormy career of Mr. GLADSTONE continues. The simple controversy between Whigs and Tories which for so long a time was the substance of politics in England has now changed into a much more complicated contest. The Radicals, although there has been a body of that name for many years, now sit in the cabinet as well as in Parliament, and when 71 Radicals oppose Mr. GLADSTONE upon a vital point, and only 145 Liberals support him, and two members of the cabinet and other important Liberals leave the House and abstain from voting, the difficult situation is evident. The ground of dissatisfaction is the compromise upon the Franchise and Redistribution bills which Mr. GLADSTONE has arranged with the Marquis of Salisbury. JOHN BRIGHT vehemently condemns it, and the Radicals denounce it as a surrender.

The Lords insisted last summer that the Redistribution Bill should precede the Franchise Bill, in order that they might see what the probable party effect of the enlarged suffrage would be. But Mr. GLADSTONE persisted in demanding the passage of the Franchise Bill. This at once aroused popular agitation against the Lords as obstructing an extension of the suffrage, and the cry to abolish the Lords followed. As such abolition would involve incalculable constitutional and social changes, it is not probable that Mr. Gladstone was anxious to precipitate it. The result is an agreement to adjust the redistribution as the Tories desired, to introduce a bill to that effect, and press it to a second reading whenever the Lords should practically put the Franchise Bill upon its passage. Mr. Gladstone has always demanded that the Franchise Bill should have precedence of the Distribution Bill, and that he has secured. The Marquis of Salisbury has always insisted that the Lords should know the provisions of the Distribution Bill before voting the Franchise, and that he has secured. The so-called "surrender" lies in the fact that Mr. Gladstone has receded from the party position that the Lords should pass the Franchise Bill without a Distribution Bill, and trusting to the Liberals to make a just distribution.

The arrangement, however, does not confirm the feeling, which is general, that Mr. Gladstone has become a mere partisan. As an experienced politician he knows, of course, that the radical sentiment of the Liberal party is its vital impulse. It represents the inevitable tendency of the party, as the Whig element represents its reactionary tendency. In withstanding it upon this measure, therefore, Mr. Gladstone shows more of the spirit of a statesman than of a mere partisan, who would instinctively defer to the extreme wing. Mr. Smalley says that moderate Liberals are but moderately satisfied with the result. He also says that Mr. Chamberlain accepts it only because the Lords wanted a more radical scheme than that of the Government, to which he was committed. The report is revived that Mr. Gladstone will retire with a peerage upon the passage of the two bills. But that is a story which is sure periodically to appear. If the compromise should be carried out as arranged, the result would be a fresh tenure for the House of Lords, and increased prestige—of which he is in need—of the Tory leader, the Marquis of Salisbury.

THE LITTLE GAME IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.

The city reform bills which were passed last winter and approved by the Governor were intended, among other good results, to give the Mayor a responsibility which would enable him to free from partisan bargain and control municipal departments which are in their nature, and should be made in their management, wholly independent of politics. The Police Department is one of these, and the police administration has been long a matter of party "deals" and bargains. We do not mean to reflect upon the efficiency of the police as guardians of public order. Upon the whole, its service of this kind is generally satisfactory. It is the principle of its management which is the mischief.

The whole power of the Department could be readily turned to affect the result of elections and to influence the most important branches of administration. The evil to be remedied is akin to that in the civil service. The civil service is generally honest and efficient. But the system of patronage by which it is filled is one of the most threatening of public perils. In the same way a Police Board which is the creation of "a deal" is a standing menace to municipal interests. This is the misfortune of the late action of the Mayor. He was advised last year by the Corporation Counsel that the terms of two Republican Commissioners would expire on May 1, 1885, and May 1, 1886. He has now assumed, without advice, that they expired on May 1, 1883 and 1884, and has nominated one of them as his own successor, and a Tammany-Republican in place of the other. This action was at once ratified by the Board of Aldermen. Mr. French, the Commissioner who is continued, is known exclusively as a politician, and his name was unpleasantly connected in the press with the forged telegram at the time of the Folger Convention in 1882. Mr. McClave, the new Commissioner, is wholly unknown, but is described as a mere agent of the Tammany-Republican "deal."

By this action of the Mayor the possibility of reform in the Police Department by the agency of Mayor Grace is destroyed, and the purpose of the reform bill is so far baffled. It is unfortunate that the reputation for public spirit and superiority to the sordid games of City Hall politics which the Mayor had latterly acquired should be sacrificed just as he is about retiring from office. If the offices of Commissioner of Public Works and of Corporation Counsel should be filled in the same manner, the Mayor will have done all that he can to thwart the wishes of the most intelligent citizens of both parties, and will have covered with suspicion any future official promotion of himself.

WOMEN TO THE RESCUE!

The proprietors of the various nuisances within and around the city, the slaughter-houses, and fat-rendering establishments, and garbage heaps, and the various abominations at Hunter's Point, have quietly defied the law and public protests for a long time. But the probable approach of the cholera gives unusual importance to such active promoters of pestilence, and a company of ladies, persuaded, probably, by melancholy experience that men, however well meaning, will effect no relief, presented to the District Attorney a petition signed by three hundred ladies, which he promptly laid before the Grand Jury, which cited the petitioners to appear.

Thereupon the ladies organized themselves and announced their intention of moving immediately upon the enemy's works. They have already collected a large sum of money, and will employ able counsel, and will see if something can not be done to abolish or mitigate the pests. It is disgraceful that all kinds of offal and refuse should be allowed to accumulate, as the ladies assert, until they become a putrefying mass exhaling disease and death.

There is no public service of this kind that women undertake which, so far as we know, has not been most efficiently done. Upon school boards and charity boards and sanitary boards their service has been exceedingly valuable and effective, and if they should take hold earnestly of this subject of the poisonous exhalations and filth which have so long fostered disease in the city, it would be settled satisfactorily.

THE FIGURES.

In recently speaking of the fatal error of the late Republican nomination, we stated not only the great reduction of the Garfield majorities in many of the chief Republican States, but that it appeared that the Republican majority was increased only in Colorado and Maine. "A Republican who favors honest government and who voted for Blaine" reminds us that the 81,000 majority in Pennsylvania, and the result in California and Oregon, were at least worthy of mention. The statement was, of course, an oversight, and we shall be very glad if this correction serves to console our correspondent in view of the significant figures from the Republican States, which, with the result, certainly justify our assertion that the nomination was fatally unwise, as any Republican nomination must always be which is opposed upon the grounds of the opposition to the Blaine nomination.

HOW IT STRIKES A UNION SOLDIER.

An old Union soldier in Missouri writes of Mr. Blaine's recent speech at Augusta:

> "For a man in his position it is certainly the most incendiary, blood-heating, business-hurting document that has come from any man's lips or pen since the war of the rebellion, considering all the circumstances at present surrounding the nation.
>
> "It is calculated—*coldly*, CRUELLY calculated—to cause trouble, socially, politically, and commercially, and as a law-abiding citizen, and one of the old Union soldiers, I sincerely deplore that he had strength enough in his tongue to utter such hurtful words. Sore over his honorable defeat, he seeks a pretext for keeping himself before the public at the expense of the public's blood and treasure; seeks to arouse the negro element to destroy the property and lives of the white men of the South, that they may thus be removed from his path to the White House four years hence."

BRUTAL PLEASURE.

A tragical incident is reported from Valencia, in Spain. "The American acrobat Miss Leona Dare" was hanging from the roof of a theatre by her feet, holding in her teeth the ropes of a trapeze bar on which M. George was performing, and, seized with "a nervous fear," she dropped the trapeze with M. George, who fell to the floor, and was fatally injured. The audience arose in a panic and rushed for the doors, many persons being crushed, while Miss Dare clung screaming to the roof.

If the law prevents the abuse of animals and of children, why should it not prohibit such "entertainments"? Amusements must be licensed, and a license should be refused to an "amusement" which consists in evident risk to human life and limb. There are plenty of such exhibitions in this country, and the victimization of children by them has been forbidden. It is no reason for permitting Miss Leona Dare to hang upside down and hold M. George in her teeth fifty feet up in the air that he agrees to it. If he chooses to trust his neck to Miss Leona Dare's teeth in private, it his own affair. But when he asks the law to permit him to do it in public as a means of making money, it is the affair of the public, and the public should forbid it as it forbids prize-fights and other imbruting spectacles.

It is the old taste which delighted in the prize-ring and the pounding of a man's face into a bloody jelly which takes pleasure in these performances, and it is a taste which is not to be fostered, but repressed, not alone in consideration of the performer, but of the public. It should be forbidden like a public hanging, and for the same reasons.

A WISE GIFT.

Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's gift of five hundred thousand dollars to the College of Physicians and Surgeons adds another to the long list of generous contributions by rich Americans to the cause of education. The gift of Mr. Vanderbilt is singularly timely and judicious, and it is happily free from any of the conditions which often seriously impair the practical value of such generosity. Two hundred thousand dollars of the sum Mr. Vanderbilt has expended for a tract of land, containing twenty-nine lots, upon Tenth Avenue, extending from Fifty-ninth to Sixtieth Street, opposite the Roosevelt Hospital—an admirable site for such buildings as the college may wish to erect.

The other three hundred thousand dollars are given in cash as the basis of a building fund, and the college, which has been long cramped in its present inadequate quarters, has already begun to make arrangements for such accommodations as it desires. The peculiar and permanent value of the gift is well stated in one of the resolutions of the faculty acknowledging the generosity of the donor:

> "*Resolved*, That the great usefulness of this benefaction to the college lies in the power now given to provide for that improved teaching by demonstration, rather than by precept merely, which is of the essence of modern scientific education, and also to provide for the advancement of medical knowledge by research in a way impossible here before."

The trustees, the Alumni Association, and the students have all joined in the expression of thanks for the great benefaction to the cause of medical education, which the trustees declare to be unexampled upon the part of a private individual.

The faculty also rejoices that the gift enables the college to reach at once an end which is usually sought and attained only through long agitation or from royal bounty. The public is interested in it not only as it is concerned in greater facilities for scientific education, but as it illustrates that wise use of wealth which is now becoming so public an expectation that if great fortunes are disposed of even by will without public benefactions there are apt to be comment and surprise. There is an amusing picture in the Drawer of the December Harper which represents a "disgusted American tourist" in a French café saying to a French friend, "Well, you've got your pictures and your churches and your bullyvards, but *where's* your oysters? *where's* your clam chowders? *where's* your turtle soup?" and he might add, *where's* your princely private gifts to the public?

PERSONAL.

Ismail Pasha, who five years ago was ruler in Egypt, has been drinking the waters of Marienbad. He is not so rich as he is reported to be, and not half so influential over the Continental press. His heart still dwells on the Nile, and his friends recall what Lord Dufferin once wrote of him: "It can not, after all, be denied that whatever may have been his faults, Ismail has managed to leave the impress of his name on all the great improvements which have been effected in Egypt."

—Professor Huxley's daughter Rachel was married in a dress of cream satin, with long square train, a tight-fitting bodice, and a flounce of Mechlin lace over the petticoat. A spray of myrtle and jasmine rested on her left shoulder. Her five bridemaids wore highly æsthetic costumes of sage green velvet and satin merveilleux, the bodices of which opened in front and showed satin waistcoats. Chrysanthemums adorned their left shoulders.

—Of the late Henry Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General of Great Britain, a personal friend writes: "I never met with a public man who had a larger fund of what might be called heroic hopefulness. No doubt his superb animal spirits stood him in great stead, even as regarded his moods of mind and his judgment of things. It was curious to observe that he always spoke of himself as 'seeing' people. 'I have not seen you for some time,' he would say to a friend. I have often heard him say to men in the House of Commons, 'I am sorry to see that you are not looking well this session.' Some one, of course, had told Mr. Fawcett that some particular member of the House of Commons was not looking well, and Mr. Fawcett's quick sympathy and kindly memory made the fact an evident reality for him. He saw keenly 'with that inner eye which no calamity could darken.'"

—General Sherman to the Cattle Convention at St. Louis: "I myself have see the cow-boys of Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, and can say that they are a brave lot of fellows, a little wild perhaps [laughter], but on the whole with the impulses of a generous and manly nature. I wish one and all of you health, happiness, and prosperity."

—Miss Clara Louise Kellogg has nothing but generous praise for Miss Emma Nevada. She first heard the young prima donna in Leghorn, four years ago, and "was charmed. There is a charm in her voice which few singers have. I can not say too much of her, and I wish her every possible success in her own country."

—A statue commemorative of the landing of the Pilgrims has been ordered by the New England Society of this city, and will be unveiled in the Central Park on the 22d of December next. Mr. J. Q. A. Ward is the sculptor, and this will be at least the third statue bearing his name in the Central Park. His "Indian Hunter" and "Seventh Regiment Monument" have been there for some years. Mr. Ward has made his reputation entirely by public work of this order. His new studio is colossal in proportions. He could model a likeness of Barnum's Jumbo in it with the greatest ease.

—Frederick Archer, the celebrated English jockey, now on a visit to this country, is twenty-eight years old, slim, short, of quiet and indifferent demeanor, and dressed in black. He has mounted more horses than any other Englishman, and has won the Derby three times and the St. Leger four times. His father also was a jockey. He says that Mr. Pierre Lorillard's Iroquois is "the noblest animal I ever mounted, kind, gentle, and winning. When I won the Derby with Iroquois, Mr. Lorillard gave me $5000, which was quite unusual."

—While Miss Ellen Terry was showing us perhaps the most nearly perfect impersonations of Beatrice, Portia, and Viola at the Star Theatre that this country has seen, her first husband, Mr. Watts, was exhibiting at the Metropolitan Museum perhaps the most nearly perfect portraitures in oil that modern art has produced.

—A MS. letter of Daniel Webster to the late Hon. George Kent, of New Hampshire, has recently been found at Concord, in that State. The expounder of the Constitution writes: "I avail myself of this opportunity, my dear sir, to renew the expression of that regard which I have entertained for yourself and your family for so many years. Your excellent father was one of the first to bring me into notice before the people of New Hampshire, and a kind and attached friend to the hour of his death. His house was one of the first in all the neighborhood in which I met intelligent and cultivated society, and that house was always adorned, enlivened, and made most agreeable to all its guests by your admirable mother. I assure you, my dear sir, that these recollections give me great pleasure."

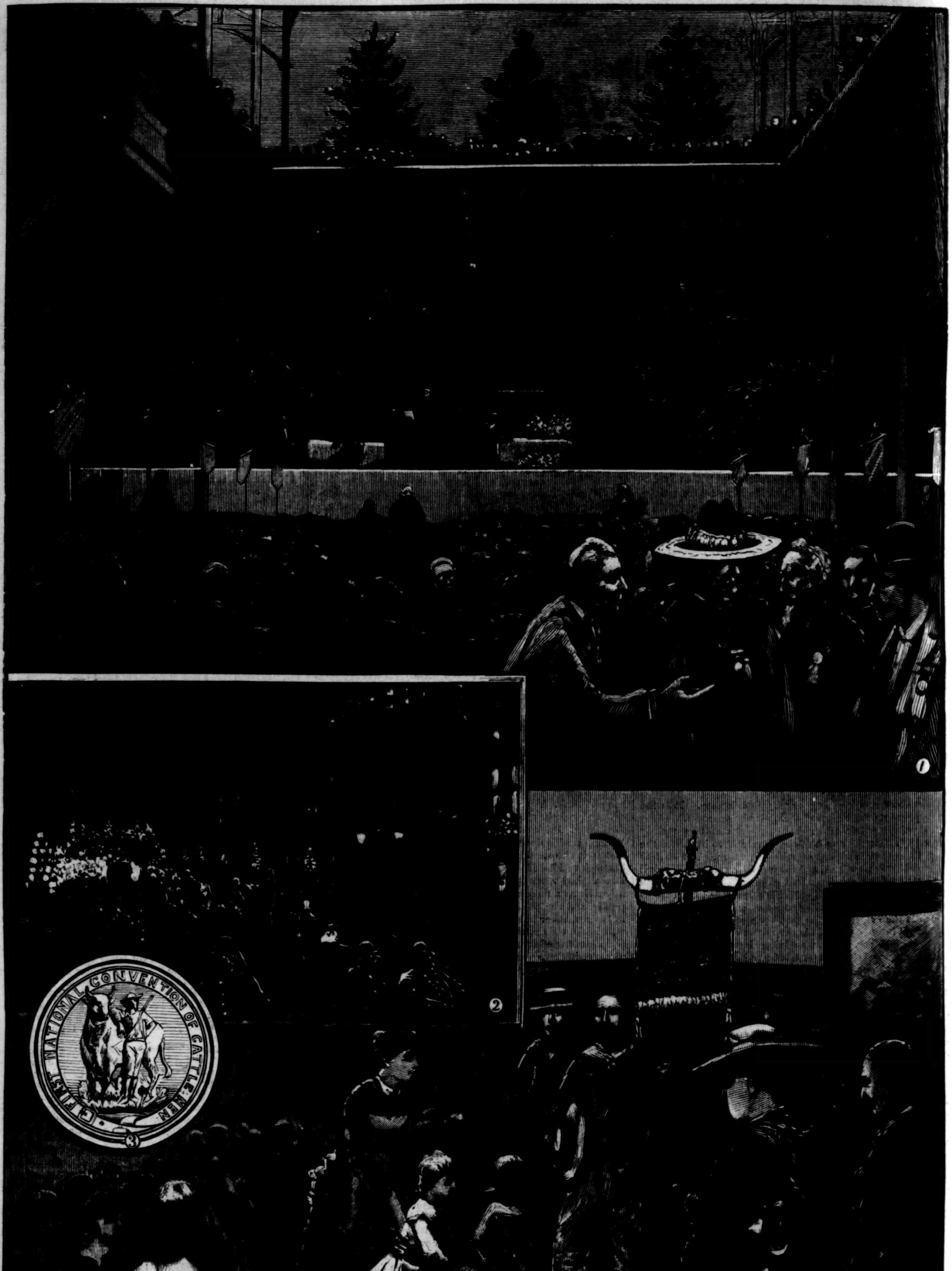
—Phalanxes of torch-bearers, a platoon of mounted police, hundreds of citizens walking beside a close carriage drawn by six white horses, abundance of sky-rockets and Bengal-lights, and a calcium-light behind illuminating the novel scene, were features of the grand escort of Madame Patti from the Academy of Music to her hotel, November 26, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of her first appearance on the operatic stage. She looks as young as she did twenty years ago, and her voice is still incomparable.

—The late Mrs. Gordon W. Burnham was one of the principal benefactors of the Hahnemann Hospital, and the first anniversary of her death was celebrated recently at the institution. One of the rooms was dedicated to her memory, and in its wall was placed a bronze medallion bearing her name. A large number of her friends were present at the services, which were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Morgan, of St. Thomas's Church.

—Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson has not only acquired international fame from his books, but has built and furnished a handsome city house out of the profits.

—President-elect Cleveland: "I intend to surround myself with the best and broadest minds in the party, and then bend all my energies toward making an administration that shall at least assure every element that a transfer of executive control from one party to another does not mean any serious disturbance of existing conditions."

—There was a peculiar fitness in celebrating the Seabury centennial in the time-honored village of Hempstead, Long Island, in view of the fact that there the Bishop's father, prior to the Revolutionary war—from 1743 to 1764—was rector of St. George's parish, that the Bishop himself passed his boyhood there, and that many of the descendants of the Seabury family are still living in the old place. On the occasion of the celebration the chancel was tastefully decorated with flowers, and the altar, pulpit, and lecturn were covered with white linen heavily embroidered and fringed with bullion. Three very interesting relics of the early church were displayed, gifts from Queen Anne—one a prayer-book printed in the year 1700, and used by Bishop Seabury and the rectors of that day, and the others a silver cup and paten presented to the church in 1710.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FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTION OF CATTLE-MEN
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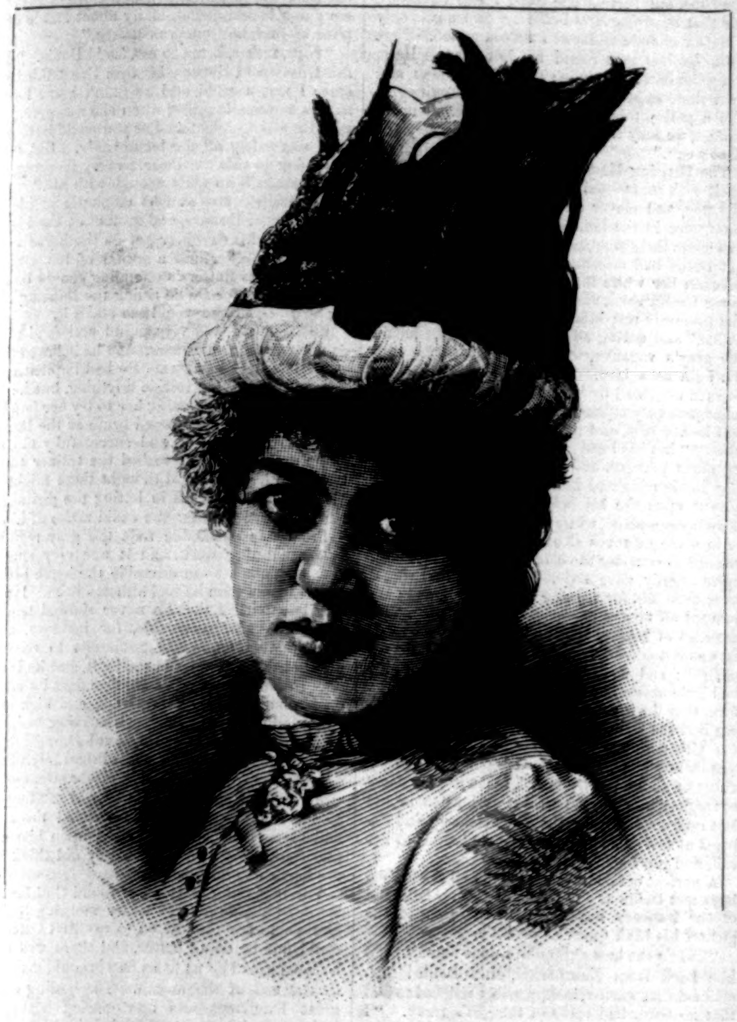
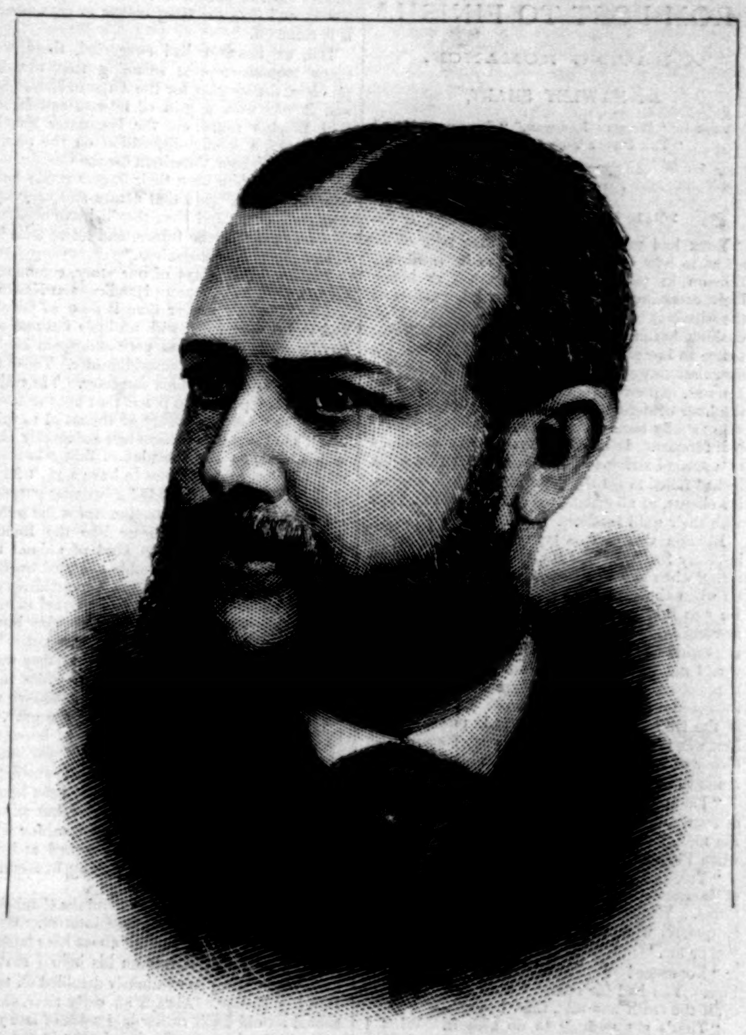
4

FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTION OF CATTLE-MEN AT ST. LOUIS.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 805.]

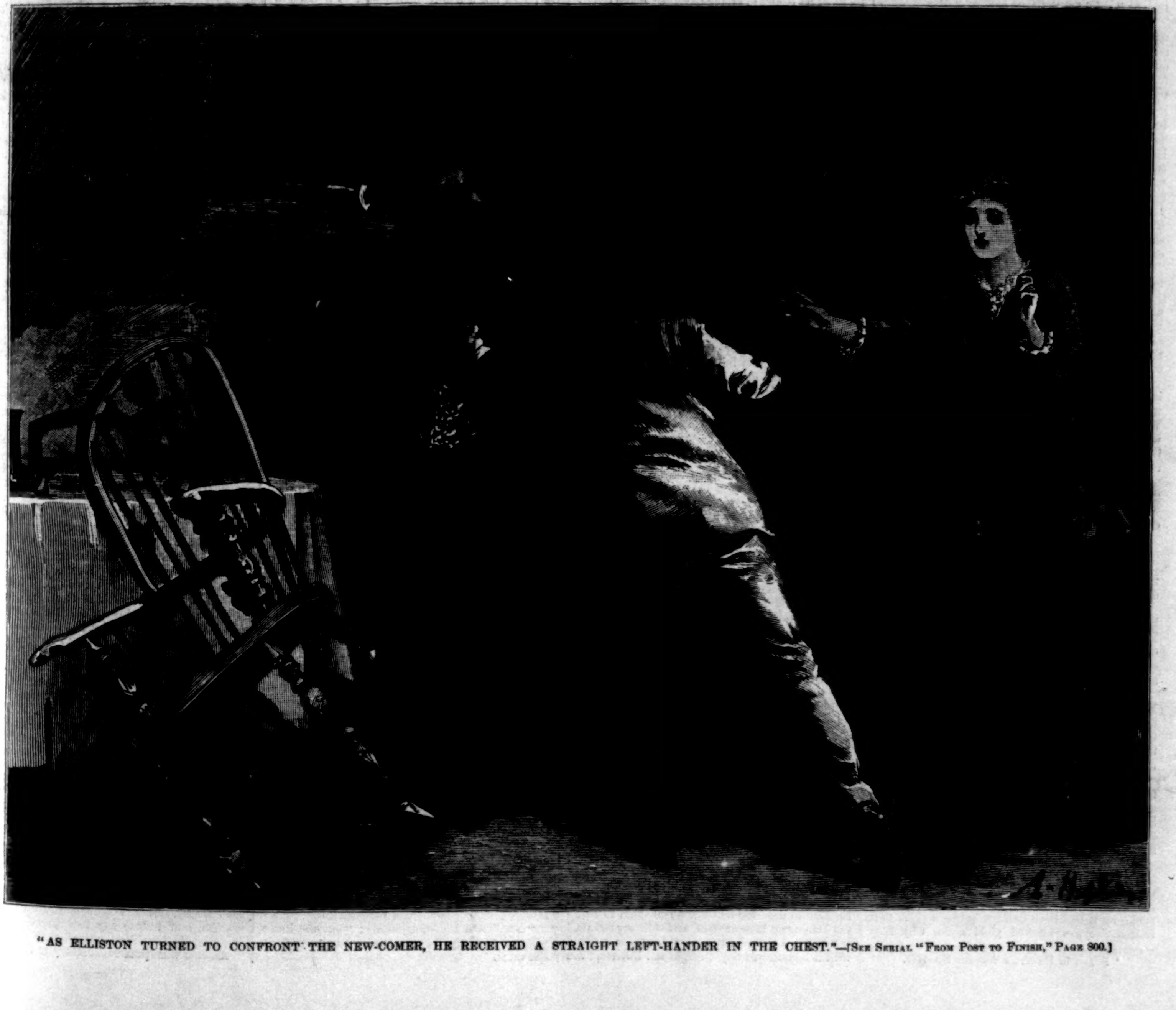
1. The Convention in Session. 2. Parade of the "Mackerel" Guards. 3. Souvenir Medal presented by the Citizens to the Delegates. 4. School Children presenting a Drum to the Cow-boy Band (Amateur).



MISS NEVADA.
Photographed by Sarony.—[See Page 801.]



ROBERT GARRETT, PRESIDENT OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.
Photographed by Daniel Bendann.—[See Page 808.]



"AS ELLISTON TURNED TO CONFRONT THE NEW-COMER, HE RECEIVED A STRAIGHT LEFT-HANDER IN THE CHEST."—[See Serial "From Post to Finish," Page 800.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

DOLLIE TURNS SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

York had made the confederates take counsel as to how its disasters were to be retrieved. Elliston in particular had been a very heavy loser, dropping, indeed, a considerable portion of the winnings of the year. He was always a rather dashing bettor when in funds, and in his impatience to increase his capital had conducted his speculations on a more extensive scale than usual. He was, moreover, by no means so impassive in the hour of defeat as his more cautious partner, who usually bore victory or reverses with stoical indifference. It may be that he was conscious of a second string to his bow, and felt that when he had failed to get the better of the book-makers, his clients, at all events, were not likely to escape with their quill feathers.

Elliston was of that type of man unbearable in either fortune. Exultant, hectoring, and blustering when in luck; morose, cynical, and sarcastic when the capricious goddess abandoned him. He was further imbittered by another message he received from Mr. Writson, that though in consideration of his reverses at York social pressure would not be immediately brought to bear upon him, yet unless he made arrangements to pay two thousand in liquidation of those bills, the story of the transaction would be made public, and a hint was thrown out that he was at all events the owner of some valuable horses, which might be realized.

"That old brute Whitby is pulling the strings, of course, Sam. He must do his worst. I've not the money to spare at present," snarled Elliston, when Pearson delivered his message.

"Yes, and when you have got hold of a couple of thousand pounds I recommend you to come to terms. Whitby's a dangerous man for a turfite to quarrel with, and carries too many guns for you or me."

"Nonsense! Don't bother any more about the bills. You had far more of poor Alister's money, if the truth was told, than I had."

"That's got nothing to do with it. What I received was in the way of business. However, the bills are your affair, not mine, and you know best what the consequences will be to you if the story comes out. I should call it awkward if it threatened me, and should imagine it was worse for you," rejoined the attorney.

"At all events, it isn't pressing just now, and if our present luck lasts, I bid fair to be tolerably indifferent to public opinion before the year's out," replied Elliston.

The scene of the above conversation was that very room at the Salutation at Doncaster in which it had been decided to win the Leger two years before with Phaeton, if possible. Elliston had won and lost a good deal of money since then, but probably was at the present moment very little richer than before that great *coup*. Money made by gambling is ever shifting as a quicksand, pouring from one pocket into another with feverish haste, as if bitten by the restlessness of those who win and lose it. After studying a sheet of paper intently for some minutes, Elliston exclaimed, petulantly,

"Except our confounded luck, I can't see anything to beat Caterham in either handicap."

"No," returned Pearson, who was occupied in a similar study of the weights for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. "Seven stone twelve on a five-year-old that was good enough to win the Two Thousand at three, can't be called excessive."

"No; and they've given him five pound less in the long race, which shows that they think as we do that he's better at one mile than two. We must go over to Riddleton and have a talk with Greyson, and if we only find the horse going on as well as he was the last time I was there, we'll slip him for the Cambridgeshire."

"Yes," said Pearson, "he ought to have a great chance; but here's another Two Thousand winner at the same weight. 'Mr. Greyson's Dancing Master, four-year-old, seven twelve.'"

"Bah! a brute with a temper like that it don't much matter how little they put upon his back; besides, we can always give Greyson orders not to run him," rejoined Elliston. "Sir Marmaduke's done with him, you know."

"True; his temper's quite gone, I fancy. Still, he's always just the beggar to upset calculations. There ought to be a law prohibiting the running of such horses as him, for the protection of owners and backers. However, I don't suppose Greyson has any serious intention of starting him."

"No; however, I shall veto that if he has. We'll go over to Riddleton on Monday, and have a confab with him about it, and then trust me to slowly work the commission. We ought to take thirty thousand out of the Ring easily over this."

"Providing it comes off; but remember we're not the only people who have laid themselves out for the same little game," rejoined cautious Sam Pearson. "There's a good many just as sanguine as ourselves, and with cards up their sleeve that we know nothing about."

Still, the more the confederates talked over the thing the firmer they became in their conviction that they had a very big chance of winning the Cambridgeshire, and before their conference broke up it had been decided between them that unless Greyson showed good cause why they should not run Caterham for that race, run they would, and give the Ring reason to remember it if it came off.

But, as Pearson had suggested, there were many inquisitive eyes scanning that mystical problem, the weights for the Autumn Handicaps, and it was with a grin of intense satisfaction that Elliston noted, ere the Doncaster Meeting terminated, a strong disposition on the part of the public to back Caterham for the Cesarewitch.

"We'll let 'em burn their fingers pretty badly over that, Sam," said that astute and unscrupulous tactician, "and then they'll leave chestnuts of ours alone for the future, and let us take 'em out of the fire for ourselves."

Betting, in the days of our story, commenced on the two great Autumn Handicaps at Newmarket considerably earlier than it does at present, and two people noted with no little interest that the Dancing Master was ever and again backed at long shots for the Cambridgeshire. Those two were Mr. Greyson and his daughter. The trainer had no conception who it was that kept snapping an odd thousand to twenty or thousand to thirty about the horse, but he sent him sedulously along in his work on the speculation that, whoever it might be, he would be sure to have a start for his money at all events, if only for hedging purposes. He did not in the least imagine it was the public. An uncertain-tempered brute like the Dancing Master was not at all the kind of animal that commends itself to the noble army of backers. Mr. Bill Greyson thought it much more likely that a syndicate of book-makers had plotted to make a good thing out of the horse by working him in the betting market like any other "corner" on the Stock Exchange, and in that case they would sooner or later inevitably have to make terms with him. He did not in the least believe that money was to be won by backing the gray, but he did think that he was the sort of horse that men skillful in the manipulation of the betting market might frighten the public into rushing on at the last. He confided none of these imaginings to either his wife or daughter, but adhered faithfully to a pet maxim of his own, for which Bill Greyson had often been laughed at by his brother craft-masters: "Say nothing, but send 'em along."

Dollie, on the contrary, watched the Cambridgeshire betting with the keenest interest. Gerald had told her nothing further about his plans, but she felt sure that it was on his behalf that the money was being so cautiously dribbled on to the Dancing Master. Always an early riser, she resumed an old habit rather laid aside of late years —the cantering up with her father in the early morning to see the horses at their work, and her heart swelled as she saw the strong, resolute fashion in which the gray, when in the humor, galloped over his companions. She felt sure that if he liked he could, in racing parlance, make Caterham, Phaeton, and all the rest, "lie down," and she begged her father again and again to let her give the Dancing Master a gallop. Bill Greyson had seen what his daughter could do with a fractious colt many a time. There wasn't a lad about the place who didn't look upon Miss Dollie as a wonder in the saddle, while as for Joe Butters, he firmly believed Miss Dollie could do more with a bad-tempered colt than any jockey at Newmarket; but the trainer was not to be cajoled. He regarded the Dancing Master as really about the worst-tempered horse it had ever been his ill luck to deal with, and he had no idea of permitting his only child to risk her bones on the back of the unmannerly brute.

But it so chanced business called Mr. Greyson away for a couple of nights, and he was consequently compelled to hand over his charges to the superintendence of Joe Butters, his very steady and capable lieutenant, and now came Dollie's opportunity. From her childhood she had domineered over Butters, who simply regarded her as a phenomenon. He thought there was nobody like her, that there was nothing she couldn't do if she tried, but he did rather demur when she told him the day after her father's departure that she would give the Dancer his gallop that morning. It was not for one moment that he doubted her ability to do so; if a horse could be ridden at all, of course Miss Dollie could ride it; but he had a shrewd idea that old Greyson had forbidden this thing, and he knew that the stern old trainer was little likely to overlook any infraction of orders. Butters was too rigid a disciplinarian to dream of deviating from ordinary routine or the few commands left for his guidance, but Greyson had never thought it worth while to place a prohibition upon his daughter's whim.

Joe, in short, was taken desperately aback at Dollie's request, and at last parried it with, "Oh, I say, Miss Dollie, you know he don't allow any one not duly insured to get upon that horse. Bless you, miss, we keep him chiefly to work off the useless stable-boys with. If you notice, there's one missing every now and then. Well, we've put him on the Dancer, and after a few minutes there's generally nothing left for us to do but to pick up the pieces and cart 'em away for Christian burial."

"Yes, Joe, I know," rejoined Dollie, with preternatural gravity, although her eyes were dancing with fun, "but what I don't know, and must and will know, is, where do you bury them?"

"It's a profound secret, and you'll never tell?—promise?" replied Butters, with a conscious twinkle in his eye. "We put 'em away at the back of the furzes; but you know, Miss Dollie, there'd be an awful row if we had to carry you there. No, leave the Dancer alone. We all know you can ride anything, but he isn't a lady's horse, Miss Dollie, he isn't indeed."

"Don't be a fool, Joe. You've seen me ride a good many that the veriest horse-coper out would hesitate to describe as that. Tell them to bring the Dancer up here at once, and shift my saddle."

"What a horse-coper would say, or what a willful woman will do," thought Mr. Butters, "are a couple of equivalent conundrums a deal beyond me, but there's one thing I can swear to, and that is, giving Miss Dollie her own way is only a matter of time as far as I am concerned. They most on 'em gets round me, but she— Here, bring the Dancer up here; slip off, Matthews, and shift these saddles. Miss Dollie is going to give him a gallop this morning. If she can't make him go, we may turn him up. It's not likely any of *you* can."

The Dancing Master eyed Dollie's short gray habit with undoubted distrust, and active as the girl was, and clever as Butters and his myrmidons were in the handling of thorough-breds, it was some little trouble to place her on his back; but Dollie had unbounded pluck, and muttering between her white little teeth, "Gerald rode the horse for my sake, and I'll do as much for him," she promptly responded to Butters's "Now, Miss Dollie," and taking advantage of a slight lull in the gray's vagaries, was dropped into the saddle light as a bird. For a moment the Dancer seemed stupefied by her audacity, a precious moment promptly utilized by the girl in settling herself in her seat, and then, as if in answer to her cheery "Let his head go," the horse gave two tremendous plunges, and shook his head angrily. But Dollie remained immovable; her hands just played upon the bit lightly as they might have done upon a piano, while she spoke to the offender in soothing tones of expostulation. The gray seemed to consider the case, shook his head once more angrily, gave a vicious lash out that would have been bad for any one within reach, and then jumped off up the gallop at a rattling pace. Infirmities of temper the horse had, no doubt, but he was not cursed with that equine vice, "a hard mouth"; and if Dollie's hands were light, they had little wrists strong as steel behind them. Before they had gone half a mile she felt that she had the Dancer well under control; and then the girl, with flushed face and sparkling eyes, took a steady pull at him, and sent him soberly along at three-quarter speed, talking to and encouraging him all the while; and when in the last quarter of a mile she shook him up and finished at racing speed, the horse responded to her call, and ran home strong as a lion.

A perfect ovation from Butters and the stable-boys met Dollie as she pulled up. They had hold of the Dancer's head, and Butters jumped the girl off his back quick as possible.

"That's the best gallop he's done since we got him back from Newmarket, Miss Dollie!" exclaimed that worthy, inexpressibly relieved to find that no harm had come of the girl's freak. "I never saw him go better."

"Go better, Joe! he's the sweetest galloper I was ever on. Smooth and easy as an express train; and what a stride! I don't believe we ever had such a horse at Riddleton before. Temper! he's not a bad-tempered one. I'll tell you the secret of the Dancer: he has a very delicate mouth. In any other hands but mine that bit and bridoon would madden him. I'll ride him his gallops in future. Don't look frightened, Joe; but tell some one to bring up my hack. I'll make it all right with my father to-night."

And then Dollie rode home to breakfast with a strong conviction that she had done a good morning's work, and had something to tell her lover worth his knowing, if it was for him that the Dancer was so quietly but persistently backed for the Cambridgeshire.

The girl had every reason to be pleased with her prospects. She had staid on in York for a fortnight or so after Gerald had left it, and during that time seen a great deal of her future mother and sister in law, and to her great delight had got on wonderfully well with them. She owed this in some measure to herself; but she was quite aware that she was also indebted considerably to the fearless, outspoken Rector of St. Margaret's. John Thorndyke had been much taken with the girl. That he should study closely one about to be nearly connected with himself was only natural, and he was much pleased not only to find her so well educated and lady-like, but to discover that she possessed a large fund of practical common-sense besides. Thorndyke stood up for the girl; he argued that Gerald might have done much worse; that we were fast merging into a democracy; and that the distinctions of rank would soon be things of the past. That she was a good, sensible, lady-like young woman, and would probably be an excellent wife to Gerald; and "that," added the Rector, "counts for much in a man's career."

That John Thorndyke's opinions were likely to carry much weight in St. Leonard's Place we know well, and the consequence was, both Mrs. Rockingham and Ellen viewed the girl, so to speak, through John Thorndyke's spectacles, and made much of Dollie accordingly.

"Let us only win this big stake over the Cambridgeshire; and, my Gerald dear, I'll have the Dancer completely sobered down before you want him," said Dollie to herself; "and save Cranley. No; I'm afraid we can't do that—it's gone—but your people will welcome me cordially amongst them all the same," and with these somewhat incoherent reflections Dollie finished her breakfast.

CHAPTER XLII.

STEALING A KISS.

William Greyson, when, on his return that evening he was informed by Dollie of her morning's feat, shook his head gravely, and vowed he would give Joe Butters a bit of his mind in the morning.

"Dash it!" he growled, "there's neither man, woman, nor boy I can trust about the place! The idea, you monkey, of your wanting to get on the Dancer! You knew I had forbidden it."

"Yes," said Dollie, demurely; "but you know when you tell a girl she mustn't, she always feels she must."

"Ah, well, you've done it, and, thank God, no harm's come of it. But if Joe Butters thinks I am going to stand such laxity about stable discipline as that, he's much mistaken."

"Now, father, listen to me," said Dollie. "You must not scold Butters, because I've bullied him since I was a child, and he didn't know how to say no to your daughter when she was peremptory. He was as frightened as you could have been till I was safely off the horse again. But, mind, I'm going to ride the Dancer every morning, and you'll see he'll go quiet enough with me."

The trainer was at first emphatic in his denunciation of Butters, and scoffed at the idea of ever letting his daughter get on the horse again, but after a cigar and a jorum of hot grog he promised that Butters's offending should be condoned, and as for Dollie riding the Dancing Master again—well, he would see about it.

Bill Greyson was very proud and fond of his daughter, and as a horsewoman he believed there never had been her like. He had implicit confidence in her ability to ride anything, but he had hesitated about permitting her to try her hand on such a very queer tempered brute as the Dancer. Now she had done it, and successfully too, and as he wended his way to bed the trainer turned it over in his mind, and thought there might not be much risk after all in letting the girl see to-morrow morning what she could make of him.

From this out Dollie rode the gray regularly in his morning work, and it was very singular how very much more tractable the horse became in her hands than he had hitherto been. It must not be supposed that he never showed temper; there was always trouble, for instance, about mounting. Custom did not seem to reconcile him to the habit skirt in the least, and he invariably entered an angry protest against its advent on his back. He would plunge and kick as of yore, and often require much coaxing to induce him to jump off on his gallop, but he unmistakably went much better when started than he had ever done with any one else. He rarely attempted to either bolt or stop when Dollie was sending him along, and though Greyson deemed there was still little reliance to be placed upon him on a race-course, the trainer certainly did think that the horse was improving.

The beginning of October found Cuthbert Elliston in all his glory. Every morning brought him a line from Riddleton to say that Caterham could not be doing better, and there was every hope he would be as fit as hands could make him by the end of the month. The betting on the great handicaps was now getting heavy, and Elliston had already succeeded in backing his horse to win a very considerable stake. The public had left him the market very much to himself. Riddleton had the reputation amongst backers of being a very dangerous stable to meddle with, and though in the first instance they had nibbled a little at Caterham for the Cesarewitch, it was not long before it oozed out that his owner had not got a shilling on him for that race, and that his starting was very doubtful. Then the public, disgusted at the apparently certain loss of their investments, vowed they would have no more of Mr. Elliston's horses, and hoped devoutly he might never win another race. The sporting public is a little apt to talk in that wise when it has burned its fingers, but it soon forgets, and before long again follows the will-o'-the-wisp that has deceived it already.

It was just at this time, when Cuthbert Elliston was positively revelling in "the possibility of the potentiality of riches," once more dreaming of having broken the Ring—that oft-recurring dream which never is realized—that he received a curt epistle from his partner which a little disconcerted him.

"Caterham is going like great guns," it said, "and on paper there's nothing to beat him, and, what is more, I feel sure that when we put him alongside our trying tackle he will quite confirm that opinion. I saw him last week, and he has never looked so well since he won the Two Thousand. But who's backing the Dancing Master? Somebody undoubtedly keeps dribbling money on him if the Tattersall quotations can be trusted. Old Bill swears he knows nothing about it, for I asked him. However, the horse looks wonderfully well, and does his work, I am told, by himself. He is in the sale list, and Greyson has no intention, I believe, of even sending him to Newmarket; still, as I asked before, who is it persistently backs him?"

Elliston was not particularly put out by this letter, but he had been too long on the turf not to know that when meditating such a *coup* as he did, no chance that could be conceived was unworthy of consideration. He thought it would be as well, perhaps, if he ran up to York, had a look at Caterham, and explained to Greyson that he should not sanction his starting the Dancing Master for the Cambridgeshire, but before he started it would be as well, perhaps, to ascertain whose money it was that went so frequently on the Dancing Master. Upon applying to Broughton, with whom he had had many business transactions on the subject, the great North-country book-maker replied: "I hardly know, sir. A little man named Johnson took all my book for both races before the weights were out, and he occasionally backs him again; but the horse is avowedly for sale, and, I should think, not likely to run for either, much less run straight if he does. But he's in your own stable, you know what his temper is."

"And who is this Johnson?" inquired Elliston, without paying any attention to the latter part of Broughton's speech.

"Little man in a tall hat, sir. Bets chiefly on commission for a circle of small country clients, but I never knew him have the working of a *real* commission. His customers deal in fives and tens mostly. He's a straightforward little man enough, and I dare say he's parcelled out his Dancing Master money again before this."

All this was quite satisfactory to Elliston. He never dreamt of questioning the accuracy of the information because it chimed in exactly with his own view of the case, and in one sense the great Northern book-maker had told him the truth. Johnson and one or two of Johnson's colleagues were the backers of the Dancing Master, and it was perfectly true, as Broughton had said, that Johnson had taken the whole of his book upon both races about the horse at a very early period; but what Broughton did not tell Cuthbert Elliston was that he had an idea Johnson was this time cleverly working a very well authorized commission, and that he personally had taken more than one opportunity of what is termed "getting out," that is, backing the horse against which he had previously laid. In the first place, Broughton really did not know at whose inspiration Johnson was backing the Dancing Master, and, secondly, Cuthbert Elliston was a very unpopular man in the Ring. He was a hard man, who had punished them severely at times, and never given any of those whom he threatened to hit a hint to save themselves. As a rule the racing world generally rather chuckled when Cuddie Elliston was, to use their own expression, "warmed up," a feeling not at all confined to that section of the community, but prevalent amongst many little sea-side *coteries*, who rejoice exceedingly when their neighbor is rumored to have come to trouble over Egyptians or some similar popular delusion.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1439.

Mr. Elliston started for the North with a mind quite relieved as to the backers of the Dancing Master. He put it airily down to that great and long-suffering body the British public—a public accustomed to pay dearly for its insufficient entertainment, accommodation, and its pastimes generally, and a public whose bounden duty it was, in Cuthbert Elliston's eyes, to lose money for the benefit of those who kept race-horses for their amusement. He did not pull up on this occasion at York, after his wont, and stay with his partner, but passed on straight to Riddleton, where he had telegraphed to Greyson to have something at the railway station to meet him. The trainer was there himself, and as they drove up to the Moor, they naturally discussed the bearings of the Cambridgeshire together.

"The horse never was better," said Greyson, as they turned into the stable-yard. "I roughed him up this morning long before I got your telegram. Not quite a regular trial, but what we call a 'Yorkshire gallop,' and if, bar accident, you don't win the Cambridgeshire, I can only say there's a clipper in the background whose measure we've not got."

"No, I think it's good enough. Of course you stand anything up to a hundred you like, taking the average of the commission," replied Elliston, "and the price is pretty good. I should like to see the horse at once," he continued, as he stepped out of the trap, "and then you shall give me some lunch."

"All right, sir," said Greyson, "and I never showed you one with more pleasure. He's about fit to run now, but I know I can make him a bit better by the Houghton week."

The trainer might well look with pride into Elliston's face as the lad whipped the sheets off Caterham. He was as fine a specimen of a thorough-bred horse as ever was stripped. A rich dark bay, standing at least sixteen one, and a rare good-looking horse.

"He does you credit, Greyson, and if we are beat it won't be your fault. We've, partly from luck and partly from our clever tactics, thoroughly blinded the handicappers; they've given Phaeton seven pounds more than Caterham, and it should be just the other way, I consider."

"Yes, sir, I should think this one could give Phaeton quite seven pounds; there was something like that between them this morning."

"It's good enough, bar accidents, and I have secured a very good jockey. Now, what about that gray of yours? Somebody's backing him, and he might be dangerous if he did take it into his head."

"Well, sir, it's no money of mine that goes on him, nor any belief of mine that he will ever win another race. He's in the sale list, and unless somebody buys him he won't even go to Newmarket."

"I needn't bother my head, then, any more about him," rejoined Elliston, "but come in and give me some lunch, now. I'm in a hurry to get back to town."

The trainer quickly led the way back to the quaint, old-fashioned dining-room on the ground-floor, with its low windows looking out on the grass-plot and the wide-spreading chestnut-tree that decked its centre. The windows were half open, letting in the scent of the creepers that covered the house, and the flowers that still lingered in the borders surrounding it, for it was one of those soft autumns which made men loath to leave their summer haunts and return to the busy hum of the cities.

Hap what may, there's never lack of provender for either man or horse about a racing establishment, and Elliston, who was rather given to the pleasures of the table, washed down an excellent meal with a flask of dry champagne, and then proceeded to aid its digestion with the help of a Cabana and some curious old brown sherry much in repute amongst the frequenters of Riddleton.

"You gallop that bad-tempered brute of yours by himself, Greyson, I hear?" remarked Elliston, as he leaned back in his chair in lazy enjoyment of his cigar.

"Yes, sir; and, to tell you the truth, Dollie usually rides him."

"What! You don't mean to tell me you've put the girl on a devil like that? Begad, if anything happens to her, hanging's too good for you."

"She got on him at first without my knowledge or consent. But she can do more with him now than any boy in the stable."

At this juncture a smart servant-girl entered the room, and with a smile handing Greyson a note, intimated that the bearer was waiting.

The trainer glanced over it, and then, crushing it in his hand, said:

"I must ask you to excuse me, Mr. Elliston, a few minutes. The wife's away at York, but Dollie will give you your coffee, and tell you anything you want to know about 'the Dancer.'"

"All right. Mind I'm not late for my train," rejoined Elliston, who, having transacted his business and enjoyed his luncheon like the Sybarite he was, reflected that Dollie would be far pleasanter to talk to over his cigar than her father.

A minute or two later, and followed by a servant bearing a tray with all the apparatus of coffee, Miss Dollie entered.

"God bless my soul, what a pretty girl you have grown!" exclaimed Elliston, honestly surprised to see how the girl's beauty had ripened within the last few months. "Upon my word, my dear, we must see about finding a husband for you."

"You're very good, Mr. Elliston," replied Dollie, with a coquettish toss of her head, "but pray don't trouble yourself."

"Ah! you think you can manage that for yourself, eh?" replied Elliston, laughing.

"I don't think it will be necessary to call in assistance, at all events. Will you take sugar?"

"No, thank you. But what have you been doing to yourself, child, to make yourself so much handsomer?"

"Riddleton air and morning gallops, I suppose," replied the girl; "but I flattered myself I wasn't so much amiss before."

"No more you were, Dollie," said Elliston, as he threw away the end of his cigar and rose from his chair. "You've got lovely hair, child," and as he spoke he passed his hand caressingly over it.

"Don't, please, Mr. Elliston," cried the girl, instinctively shrinking back, and glancing up at his flushed face with dismay.

"Pooh, Dollie, you little prude. I've stroked your hair many a time as a child, when it wasn't so well worth stroking as it is now, and kissed you too, my dear, when you were not quite so well worth kissing as you are now," and as he spoke Elliston suddenly passed his arm round the girl's waist, and pressed his sherry-tainted lips to hers.

Dollie gave a half-cry, and tried fiercely to thrust back the aggressor; but he was too strong for her, and holding her fast in his arms, repeated the offense, with the brutal taunt, "Bah, you little idiot; your mother would never have made so much fuss about such a trifle."

As he spoke the sash of the window was thrown quite up. A slight figure sprang through it, and as Elliston turned to confront the new-comer he received a straight left-hander in the chest that sent him back reeling.

"Oh, Gerald, Gerald, what have you done? Oh, please, please," cried Dollie, bursting into tears.

"Done!" exclaimed Gerald, in tones hoarse with passion—"done my best to knock down the biggest blackguard in England."

Elliston recovered himself with a mighty effort. His eyes gleamed with fury, and in a low, grating voice he said, "You young scoundrel; you shall pay for this," and gathering himself together, was about to rush on his antagonist.

But quick as thought Gerald passed Dollie behind him, and throwing himself into fighting attitude, coolly awaited the rush of his cousin. Despite his superior size, height, and it may be presumed strength, Elliston suddenly realized that Gerald's chastisement was not a thing to be lightly accomplished. He saw at a glance that Gerald could use his hands. Thrashing him off-hand was one thing, but a stand-up fight was rather too undignified a proceeding at his age. Mastering his rage with a mighty effort, he exclaimed, with a bitter sneer, "I congratulate you upon having so thoroughly acquired the habits of the class to which you belong, but gentlemen don't settle their differences in that fashion. Adieu, Miss Dollie. I dare say Forrest will find you by no means so coy with your kisses."

Gerald started, and was about to rush upon his cousin, but Dollie's hand upon his arm restrained him. He made no further answer than a contemptuous smile, while Elliston, after one glance to gauge the effects of his Parthian dart, stalked angrily from the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISS NEVADA.

SOME friends of BELLINI, the Italian composer, are erecting at Naples a monument in his honor. It consists of a life-size statue on a high pedestal, at each corner of which stands a figure of a prima donna who has successfully interpreted one of his leading *rôles*. Miss NEVADA will appear in the character of Amina, she having shown in several capitals of Europe how well she can impersonate the heroine of *La Sonnambula*.

On the 24th of November, in the Academy of Music in this city, Miss NEVADA made her first appearance in opera before an American audience. When three years of age she was wrapped in the Stars and Stripes and brought before a provincial assemblage that she might sing "The Star-spangled Banner." Her performance was received with enthusiasm then. But the enthusiasm was greater at her début on the 24th. For eight years she had been studying music in Austria, Italy, and France, and for the last five years had been singing the principal parts of *Mignon*, *La Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, *I Puritani*, *Rigoletto*, and *Traviata*. Although her triumphs had been heralded by the press, few New York listeners were prepared for the revelation of so much vocal and physical charms.

Her voice is a light, pure soprano, extremely sympathetic, and almost fragile in delicacy. She uses it with the ease of perfect self-command and enlightened training. Its softest tones lack the peculiar sensuous quality that distinguishes those of PATTI, but in other respects they compare with hers in sweetness. As an actress her effects are in contrast with PATTI'S vivacity, dash, and sparkle; they belong to the temperament of Amina rather than to that of Rosina. She therefore occupies a place quite by herself on the musical stage, and her gentle, gracious personality dwells like a star apart. Italian opera may well recognize her. She is just now doing more to save its fortunes than any other prima donna, PATTI alone excepted.

Miss NEVADA—her real name is EMMA WIXON—was born in Nevada City, California, not far from twenty-two years ago. Her almost constant companion is her father, Dr. WIXON, of whom she is passionately fond. When she drives out in the afternoon he is always seen by her side. At nine o'clock every morning the prima donna goes to mass, attended by her maid. The sweetness and purity of her voice find analogies in the sweetness and purity of her character. She was the delight and pride of the best Americans abroad, and countless social welcomes await her here. She has dark hair and eyes, a petite figure, gentle manners, and a kind heart.

THE LATE BISHOP WILEY.

THE Rev. ISAAC W. WILEY, D.D., a well-known and highly esteemed Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died recently at Foochow, China. He was on an episcopal tour to the Methodist missions in China and Japan, and his death was sudden and unexpected.

Bishop WILEY was a native of Lewistown, Pennsylvania, where he was born on March 29, 1825. At an early day he united with the church, and was preparing to enter the Sophomore Class of Dickinson College, when ill health compelled him to relinquish that purpose. Subsequently he began the study of medicine, and in 1846 graduated from the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York. He then settled in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, where he entered upon the practice of his profession.

At the instance of the Rev. Dr. DURBIN, the Missionary Secretary, Dr. WILEY went in 1850 as medical missionary to Foochow. There he remained four years, and on his return was stationed as pastor on Staten Island, and in Newark and Jersey City. His next important official position was the Principalship of the Pennington Seminary, which he held from 1858 to 1863. The following year he was elected by the General Conference editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, published in Cincinnati.

In 1872 he was made Bishop. His thorough knowledge of foreign Christian missions made him an authority on all questions growing out of their administration, and in 1877 he made an episcopal tour to the missions in China and Japan. On his return he published a book, entitled *China and Japan*, one of the most valuable works we have relating to those countries. Though not at any time in robust health, his industry and tenacity of purpose carried him successfully through every undertaking. He was a clear, forcible preacher, a ready platform speaker, and a conservative church officer. At the time of his death he was on his third visit to the East.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

AN English traveller in South Africa says that it is no wonder that his countrymen dread the rifles of the Boers. He was hunting with a Boer lately, when the Boer fired at a buzzard flying two hundred yards away. The ball pierced the bird's body, but the buzzard continued to flap rapidly along the ground, when the Boer again fired, and this time cut the head of the buzzard clean off.

A recent case in the London Bankruptcy Court was that of a banker's clerk with a salary of £100 a year who had run up a bill of £51 for button-hole bouquets.

Instantaneous photography has gone on, wonderful stride by wonderful stride, until it has come to pass that a Dakota photographer has "taken" a tornado. The photograph, as described, "represents a black, twisting, vertical, aerial spout, at the top and bottom of which is a confused mass, cloud-like in appearance." The achievement will not seem so remarkable when it is understood that the tornado remained in sight from a given point for two hours.

Statistical comparison having been brought to bear, the announcement is now made in London that a second-rate English race-horse can beat, over an ordinary race-course, the best Arab steed that the world contains.

Philadelphia has a person who reduces red and swollen noses to proper color and shape for five dollars or twenty dollars each. Outside of Philadelphia the impression has prevailed among those who have given thought to the subject that a person of such a profession in that town would starve amid an array of noses that are, and never can deviate from being, of a proper color and shape.

An American who, following an exceedingly well-known and deplorable custom of his native land, painted advertisements on the fences and walls about Paris, has been fined 250 francs for "annoying the vision of the public."

A single county in Australia has paid bounty for the destruction of 25,000 dozen sparrows' eggs. The sprightly little gray-coats multiply too fast, and this is the means the Australians take to counteract the tendency.

It has been found out by a German doctor that of a number of persons who have survived the shock of lightning strokes a few felt as though they had been struck a heavy blow," a few felt as though they "were being torn to pieces," and all the rest ceased instantly and absolutely to feel anything whatsoever.

A member of the British Parliament engaged an agency which does such things to furnish him with clippings of all the derogatory things which the newspapers should say about him for a month. The return was enormous, and cost the member thirty pounds. For the following month he bespoke clippings of all that was printed in his favor, and his bill amounted only to seven shillings and sixpence.

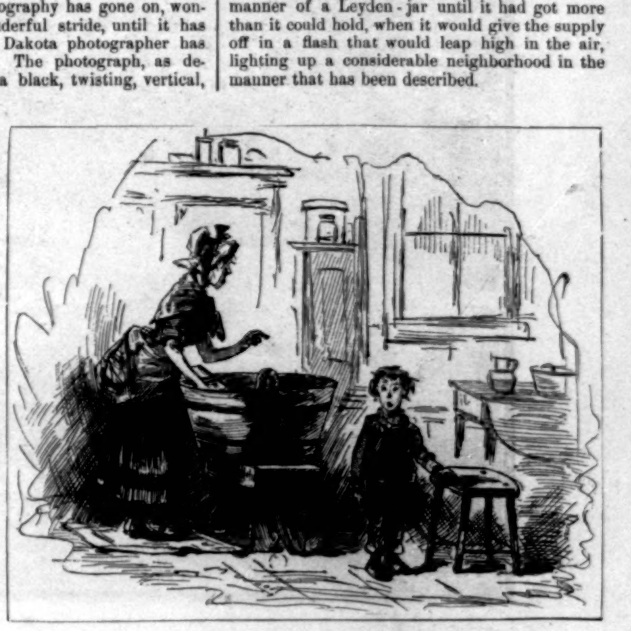
Rugs made by the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and blankets made by the Navajos are praised in the warmest terms for their brilliant beauty by a writer who has recently been studying the arts of these interesting aborigines.

The Greek coins alone in the British Museum have eight volumes of catalogue made about them, and are still to have many more. Indian coins will take up five volumes.

A tunnel 5000 feet long, mentioned by Herodotus, and constructed at least nine centuries before the Christian era, has just been discovered by the Governor of the island of Samos.

A Philadelphia physician says that a great deal of what passes for heart-disease is only mild dyspepsia, that nervousness commonly is simple bad temper, and that two-thirds of the so-called malaria is nothing but laziness. Imagination, he says, is responsible for a multitude of ills, and he gives as an instance the case of a clergyman who after preaching a sermon would take a tea-spoonful of sweetened water, and doze off like a babe, under the impression that it was a *bona fide* prescription of morphia, whereas, in lack of this harmless little dose, he would toss about restlessly for hours.

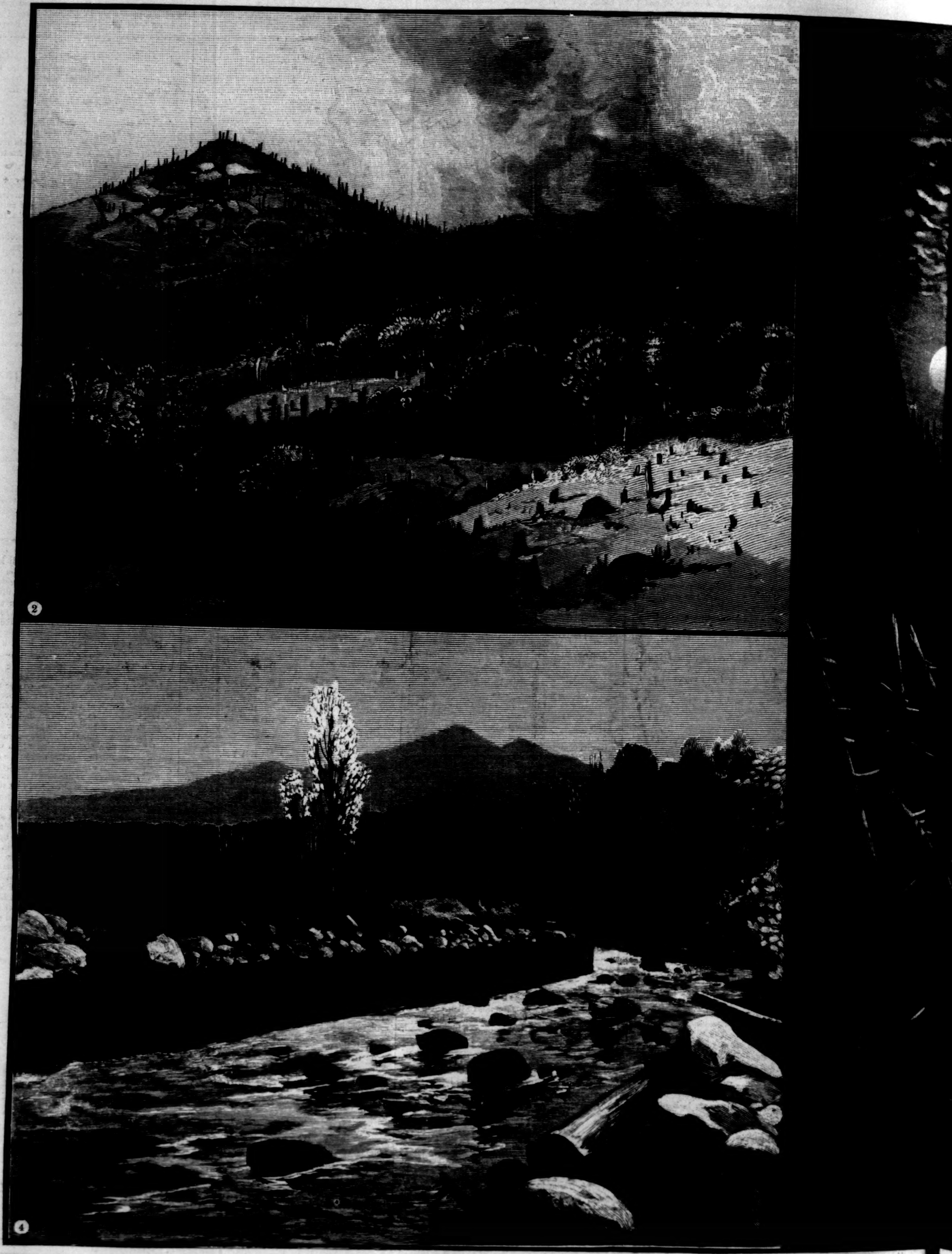
During the heavy rain-storm on the night of November 23, people in the neighborhood of Eighteenth Street and Third Avenue were moderately astonished at a brilliant display of lightning. The flashes occurred at regular intervals, and were remarkably vivid. People wondered at the intensity of a manifestation which was quite out of season, and which was odd in the additional respect that it was unaccompanied by thunder. Few who saw it are aware that it was not the ordinary lightning of the skies, and that the whole of it was supplied from a single telegraph wire. It was a bad night for close inquiry, but the fact is that the comprehensive display was simply incidental to some long talk that was going on between New York and another point by the aid of electricity. The wire passed within an inch of one of the iron girders of the elevated road. Drops of rain, accumulating upon the wire, would fall upon the girder, carrying little sparks as they went. Once on the painted iron, they seemed to collect in some crevice in a little pool, which would treasure up the electricity after the manner of a Leyden-jar until it had got more than it could hold, when it would give the supply off in a flash that would leap high in the air, lighting up a considerable neighborhood in the manner that has been described.



INCORRIGIBLE.

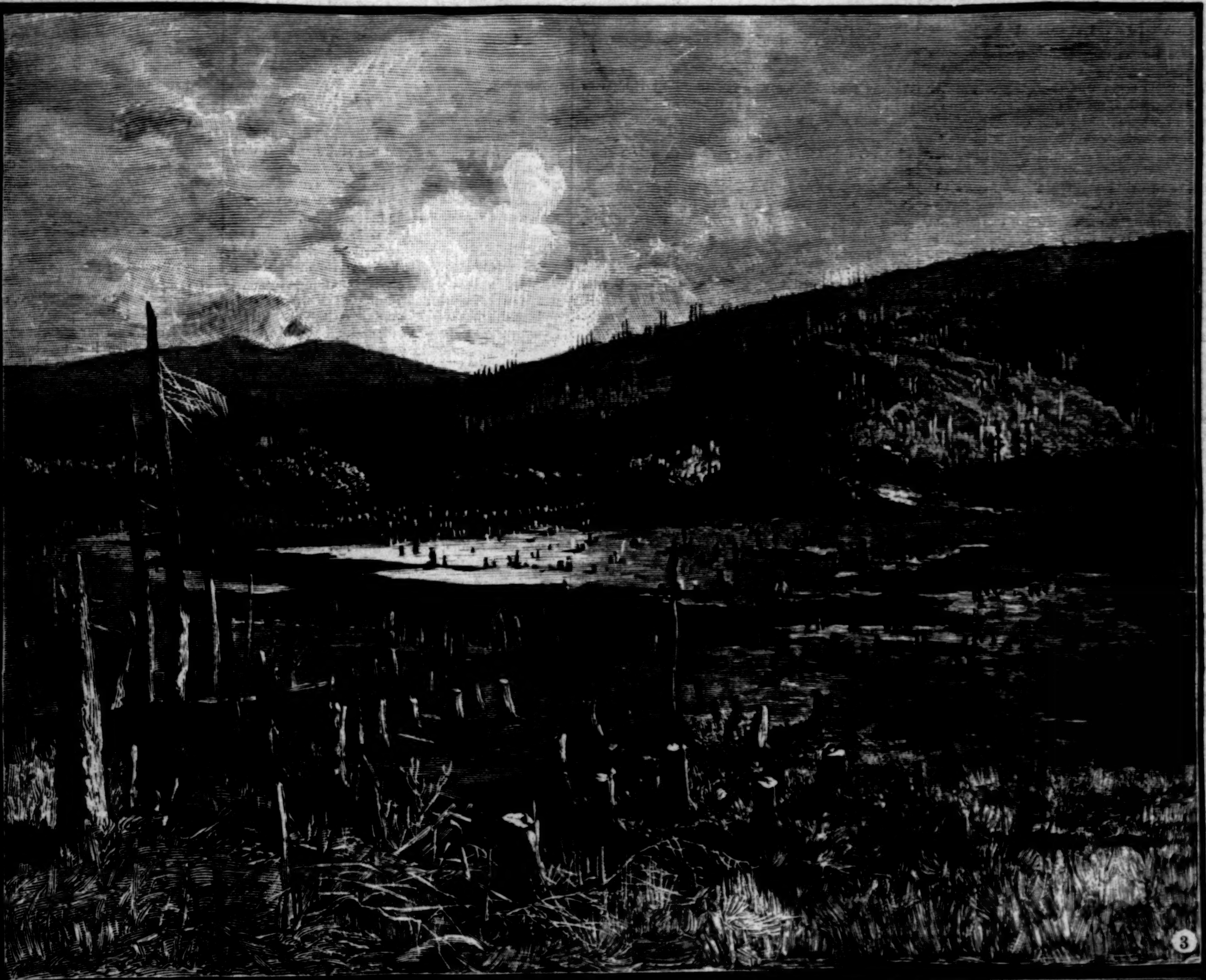
"That's three times to-day I've promised to bate you, an' I'll do it if you don't moind me."

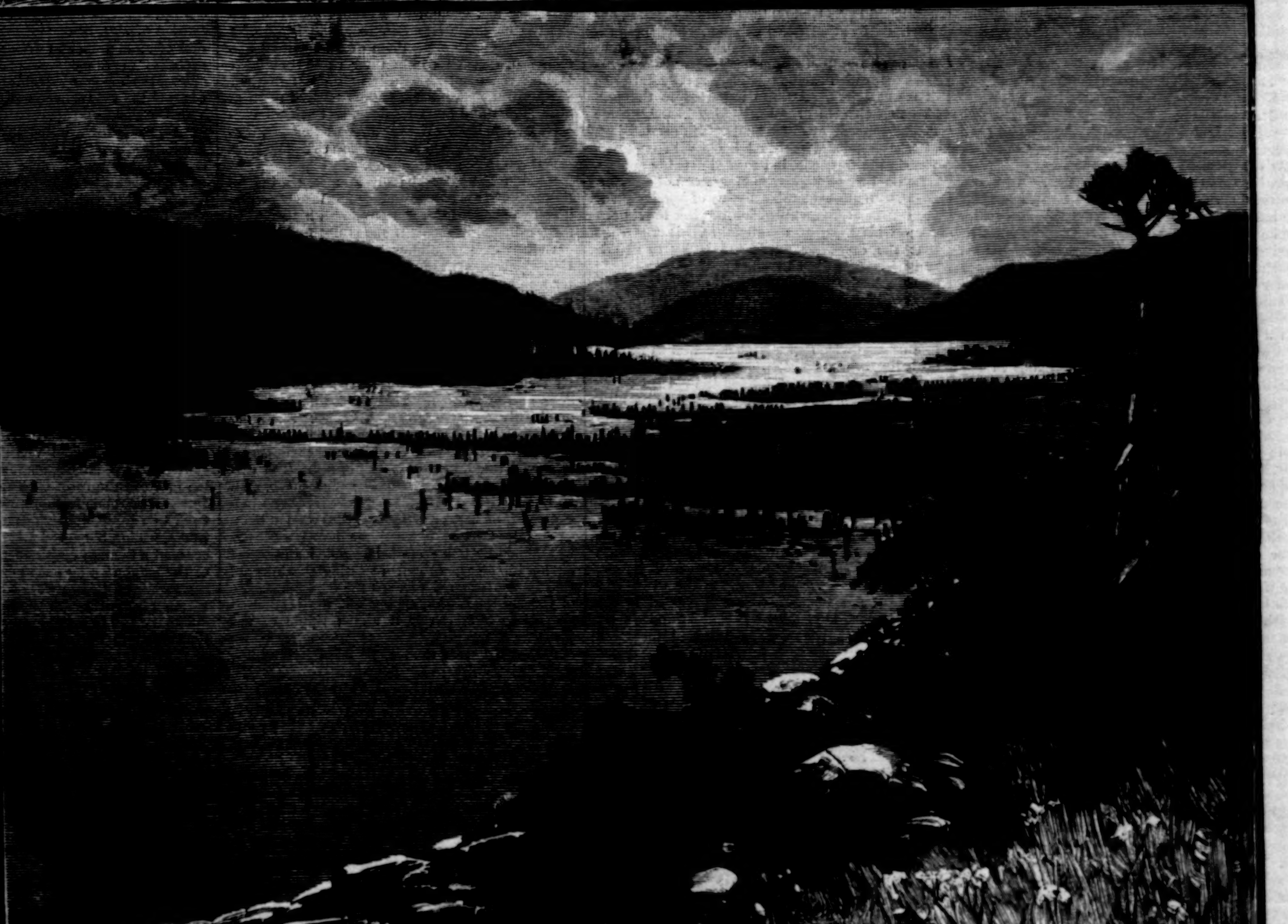
"Well, wait till it gets up to an even number, an' then pitch in!"



DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS IN THE ADIR DA

1. Dead Timber, Mount Maxon. 2. Mount Maxon. 3. Dead Water, Schroon River.





DACKS.—Drawn by Julian Rix.—[See Page 805.]

Coffer-Dam, Lower Works, at Tehawus, Hudson River. 5. Indian Lake, Overflowed Lands.

"KEPT BY THE MISSES BROWN."

A STORY OF ROME.

The Misses Brown were taking tea together in their own little room at five o'clock in the afternoon. The little room was the cabinet whither these ladies retired from the cares of the establishment, and where they made out the weekly bills of their boarders—those accounts in which extra items appeared in the spidery and angular handwriting of the younger sister, Selina.

The world of modern Rome swept across the wide piazza and along the crowded thoroughfare—a mingling of sound which floated into the open window with the bright winter sunshine. The breeze rustled the plants of a standard; near at hand rose a church tower, one of the many shrines of the Eternal City, and across intervening roofs the Pincian Hill rose clearly defined against the blue sky.

The Misses Brown heeded neither tumult of noise nor the gay life of the city, for their attention was concentrated on a letter just received from the post.

"Lady Pounce will soon arrive," announced Miss Brown, removing her spectacles, after perusing the note which contained this gratifying information.

"Fancy!" murmured Miss Selina, in turn scrutinizing the missive.

The letter bore the date of Brussels, and was written in French of not the choicest purity, yet in a bold and scrawling handwriting. Her ladyship stated that in visiting Rome for the first time she wished to stop with the Misses Brown rather than be exposed to the publicity of hotels, as she was alone and a widow. Deepest gratification awoke in the hearts of the four spinsters—for the Misses Brown were four in number—nor had either of them exchanged the single for the married state.

"Well, I am sure!" exclaimed Miss Ethel, who was artistic, and whose glance wandered to an earlier portrait of herself on the wall, taken in the style of Madame Le Brun, with floating sash and muslin cap, palette in hand.

"She will take the best rooms, of course," mused Miss Mary.

"Then that old lady must be moved to the third story," said Miss Brown, decisively.

The sisters looked at each other like mild conspirators intent on earning their daily bread in the most genteel manner. Outside, a little man passed in his carriage, with his English governess—the Prince of Naples seeking the Villa Pamphili-Doria, to gain such strength in his puny limbs as would enable him to grow into a king by-and-by if Fate willed it. The Misses Brown continued to sip their tea unmoved by street shows. Habit rendered five-o'clock tea indispensable to them, while expediency made them contemplate the arrival of a boarder of the quality of Lady Pounce as of vital importance to the standing of the establishment.

"The Pounces come from Staffordshire," said Miss Selina.

"The title is not an old one, I fancy," added Miss Mary. "I remember something about Lord Jeremiah Pounce in dear papa's time."

At this casual allusion to dear papa the sisters sighed gently, but it was more the sigh of conventional sorrow than of acute bereavement, for the late Mr. Brown had departed this life with a stroke of apoplexy some twelve years previously, leaving his affairs hopelessly complicated and his daughters penniless. At the time there was a rumor of Indian investments, and four more gentlewomen were thrown on the world. The Misses Brown burned their ships, and decided to establish a *pension* in a Continental city rather than return to their native land and seek employment as governesses. It would be superfluous to add that they adorned their position. Their very misfortunes shed a certain halo over their superiority, and afforded their boarders material for endless small-talk. The oldest *habitué* of the dining-table or the drawing-room, usually an elderly lady, fond of arrowroot, with much leisure on her hands, told fresh arrivals all about the Brown descent in the social scale, and the former grandeur of their position. Wildest confusion of facts resulted, either through the fault of the glib narrator or the abstraction and bewilderment of listeners. The Misses Brown were wisely silent, and if in the lapse of years they came to be allied with half of the county families of England, and a bishop or two in the bargain, neither affirmation nor denial could be traced to themselves. The *pension* was systematized on the model of a young ladies' school, and indeed mankind, unless in the guise of a retired naval officer or an invalid clergyman, seldom haunted its precincts. Strictest etiquette was observed as to the hours kept by the inmates, the extinguishing of lamps, punctuality in attendance at meals. No other chaperonage than refuge under the roof of the Misses Brown was necessary for giddy maidens longing to obtain a glimpse of the Coliseum by moonlight, and sip the clear waters of Trevi, while kept aloof from the manifold wiles of Satan. Frigid receptions were occasionally given, presided over by Miss Brown in lavender kid gloves, with a careful selection of outside guests—a few Waldensian pastors, a depressed German professor, and a Swiss botanist with the care of a large family and the extinction of Alpine plants on his mind. Improving moral biographies were always to be found in the closet library for wet days, instead of the usual Tauchnitz volumes and pernicious French novel of houses of temporary abode. Had not Miss Brown once found a stray *feuilleton*, in red and yellow cover, emanating from the press of Deutre et Cie, on the drawing-room table, and did she not unhesitatingly take it by the tongs and thrust it into the fire? No murmur of rebellion had greeted this sacrifice on the altar of righteous indignation. Indeed, the household rule was firm, and the espionage particular. Possibly the undisputed sovereignty of so many years had rendered these gentlewomen domineering, and they were therefore the less prepared for the blow which was about to strike them.

The sisters were tall and genteel, while their family resemblance was enhanced by similarity of raiment. The bony angularity of Miss Brown was still a supple slenderness in Miss Selina. They affected washy grays or crumpled browns in attire of a morning, with mittens, usually red at noon, and lace net at night-fall, when they invariably appeared at dinner in long black silk dresses, with bibs and collars woven by the family spider, Miss Mary, and caps of wondrous construction, decked with bows and flowers—the double-turret miniature head-gear of British middle age. The Misses Brown liked to be nicely dressed for evening, and attained the gratifying result with the aid of the wrought needle-work afore-mentioned. In the matter of hats they were undeniably skittish in taste, showing a tendency to the turban, and even the jockey cap with a visor, usually appertaining to extreme youth.

"The rooms will be needed, and the old lady must be told," suggested Miss Ethel, finishing her tea.

"Lady Pounce may arrive at any hour. She evidently considered a reply unnecessary," added Miss Selina.

"Yes," said Miss Brown, who took the lead by reason of her seniority.

The old lady had arrived the previous evening. She had come by omnibus from the railway station, and she had held shrill argument over payment with the porter who brought her modest luggage. She was a little old woman, shrivelled and bent, clad in rusty black. A wintry bloom still tinged her cheeks, her blue eyes were shrewd and keen, while the flaxen curls of a false front framed her face beneath a bonnet of serviceable poke pattern. From whence did she come? The Misses Brown did not know. She was one of those waifs so frequently encountered on the highway of Continental travel. Eccentricity marked her speech and movements, while suspicion of others masked her own reticence. She was alone, and evidently intended to give no account of herself. These peculiarities might have been overlooked had she been less grudging in the expenditure of money, and the Misses Brown evinced a degree of worldly-mindedness in drawing most unfavorable augury from that arrival in the public omnibus. The old lady had taken possession of one of the rooms of the first floor, and refused to pay more for it than the price exacted for the third story. It is true she had announced her willingness to abdicate should a more extravagant tenant appear.

Miss Brown sailed away majestically to adjust this little matter.

The old lady stood on the landing, wagging her head angrily at a flushed cabman, while the waiter Arnolfo hovered near, with that neutral aspect peculiar to Italian house-servants when altercations arise with the dangerously revengeful class of street Jehus. Arnolfo imparted to the *pension* that element of grace lacking in the prosaic boarding-house of other lands. He carried jugs of hot water and polished boots with cheerfulness in the forenoon, but toward evening appeared in the broadcloth and spotless linen of a major-domo, with a considerable display of jewelry about the waistcoat and a suspicion of pink toilet powder on his haughty countenance. It was then that the *cameriere* conducted ladies to classic ruins illuminated with electric lights, and sang outside the drawing-room door, to the accompaniment of the mandolin, those impassioned melodies which possibly breathed a hope of captivating an heiress among the number, and earning that elysium of ease which should enable him in turn to bully his own menials.

"Not another soldo!" piped the old lady.

Miss Brown interfered, adjusted the difficulty, and made the necessary communication concerning the change of room. The old lady listened with an odd smile.

Next morning Miss Mary looked out of the window, and exclaimed, "What ever does that mean?"

She indicated a door on the opposite side of the thoroughfare, to which a small brass plate had been affixed, with this inscription: "Private Family Home. Kept by Mrs. Brown." At the same moment a lady appeared at the window of a suite of five rooms above, and nodded to the amazed spectators. She was a stout and elderly person, with a round, good-humored face, and double chin.

"She is that odious Mrs. Brown from Dublin," cried Miss Selina.

The sisters gazed at each other in consternation. For twelve years their own door had borne a polished brass plate, with the advertisement: "Private Family Home. Kept by the Misses Brown." Was this rivalry?

"She intends to supplant us," said Miss Brown, in a voice tremulous with anger.

"She knows our system," groaned Miss Ethel. "She lived with us an entire winter."

Odious Mrs. Brown had been a very popular inmate of the *pension*. She possessed the rich geniality of nature which attracts sympathy, combined with tact and a charitable tolerance of benevolence. A tap on the door aroused the sisters from painful meditations. The old lady, Mrs. Sandilands, trotted in with the abrupt announcement that she would not withdraw to the third story, but move across the way to the new *pension* of Mrs. Brown instead. She chuckled as she paid her bill, with the dry amusement of malicious old age. Just then two carriages drew up before the door, and the news spread that Lady Pounce had arrived, bag and baggage.

The departing and incoming guests met on the threshold—a little old lady in rusty black, unattended, and a splendid creature, all velvet, furs, and perfumes, accompanied by a companion, a smart man-servant, a pert French maid, and two dogs. The Misses Brown hovered on the stairway; even Arnolfo lost his head. Mrs. Sandilands paused, surveyed the new-comer through her eyeglass with a cynical scrutiny, and passed on. The companion said, "That was old Mrs. Sandilands."

"Is she looking up her grandson?" retorted Lady Pounce.

Then she nodded curtly to Miss Brown, whistled to her dogs, and ascended the stairs. Thus was her ladyship installed. Events crowded quickly on the four spinsters after that. Lady Pounce may have been said to have upset the orderly habits of the household in half an hour. She declined to lunch before two o'clock, and scoffed at Miss Brown's timorous objections. She scolded Arnolfo with surprising fluency; then tipped him with an insolent generosity. She flung Algerian wraps over the prim furniture of the state rooms, and established a Turkish pipe on the best table. In appearance she was tall, masculine, and with a suppleness of muscle perceptible even beneath silken feminine attire. Her features, a trifle hard and fatigued, were still handsome after the first freshness of youth had passed. The Misses Brown quailed before the indomitable authority of her fine gray eyes. In the afternoon she drove out in an open landau with red wheels, the companion beside her, and the two dogs established on the opposite seat. Her ladyship's costume was striped like the coat of a tiger, while sky-blue feathers waved above her mustard-yellow hair.

"Do you think she can be a—little fast?" ventured Miss Selina, peering through a closed shutter at this brilliant equipage.

Her three sisters remained gloomily silent. The smart man-servant established agreeable relations with the cook in the kitchen of the *entresol*, and the pert maid-servant coquetted with the entire street from the balcony. To increase the discomfiture of the Misses Brown, old Mrs. Sandilands appeared at a window of the rival *pension*, a seemingly mocking spectator of the scene.

Lady Pounce went to the theatre that evening without asking leave of the household authorities, and returned in the small hours, just as the old gentleman driven to seek the sedative climate of Rome by obstinate insomnia had fallen into a doze. The old gentleman left next day at the moment when a family party drove up demanding to know if Mrs. Sandilands was stopping there, and on learning the contrary, went over to the enemy in guise of smiling Mrs. Brown.

"Her dutiful relatives must be looking her up. She is odd, you know." This remark emanated from Lady Pounce, standing in a gentlemanly attitude, with a cigarette between her lips, and caused the very hair to bristle on the respective heads of the Misses Brown. The poor ladies felt that they had committed a fatal error in slighting the eccentric Mrs. Sandilands in favor of a title. They bethought them of all spiritual and temporal advisers within their reach, but Lady Pounce remained scornfully indifferent to their disapproval, and, indeed, seldom noticed them at all. Something must be done, and solemn conclaves were held. A note was written requesting the distinguished stranger to seek more congenial quarters in some hotel.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Lady Pounce, tearing up the note after a careless perusal of the contents. "Tell your mistress I will pay her a higher price for her beggarly rooms if she is not satisfied."

Corks popped at all hours, and many masculine visitors dropped in of a sporting aspect. Laughter was audible at unseemly moments, when the clear metallic tones of her ladyship dominated those of her companions. The establishment of the select gentlewomen became the centre of an undesirable curiosity. Groups of loungers, the straws caught in the eddy of public interest in all cities, paused to stare at the windows and door of the *pension*. This public homage was manifestly gratifying to Lady Pounce. She hung over the balcony, wrapped in a scarlet burnoose, the usual cigarette in her mouth, and complacently sipped the adulation of the crowd. The carriage was replaced by a superb saddle-horse, with an attendant groom in grass-green livery and top-boots. Thus mounted, the beautiful woman looked her best. She touched the horse with her whip, and the noble animal bounded and stood on his hind-legs, without unseating the intrepid rider. What sound reached the scandalized ear of the Misses Brown, spying out the land from the casement? Surely it was a ripple of applause.

"Oh, what does it mean?" cried Miss Ethel, wildly.

"It means we shall be ruined by the escapades of this scandalous creature," sobbed Miss Brown, sinking back in an arm-chair.

"The connection can never be of use to us," murmured the conservative Selina.

"How well she rides!" added Mary, with the bearing which a pullet of the barn-yard might have in watching the flight of a hawk.

A journal was presented to Miss Brown by a servant. She never knew who shot that barbed arrow at the target of her family respectability. The invisible enemy might have been the irate old gentleman whose slumbers were ruthlessly disturbed at dawn, or the malicious Mrs. Sandilands, but the recipient always suspected Mrs. Brown. The newspaper was one of those gazettes of strangers, printed in the English language, with many typographical errors, which twinkle for a brief space in foreign capitals only to suffer speedy extinction. Miss Brown's eye rested on this paragraph:

"Lady Pounce is among the latest arrivals at Rome. It will be remembered she married the late Lord Harry Pounce on his death-bed, and has lived in retirement for some years. She will soon enter the wedded state for the second time, with the Russian Baron Nicholas Bolgerowsky

The frequenters of the hippodrome and summer circus will regret the loss of the peerless Amazon, Mary Anne Hodges, better known as Mademoiselle Célestine. Her daring feat of leaping through five hoops, while riding bare-back, has never been equalled. Lady Pounce is sojourning at the Pension Brown."

"She is a circus-rider!" shrieked the three younger sisters in chorus.

When the Amazon returned, the Misses Brown went to meet her in a solid phalanx, with outward display of lady-like dignity and inward trepidation. A young man darted upstairs in advance of her, and inquired for Mrs. Sandilands.

"How are you, Tom?" called Lady Pounce, in loud and cheerful tones.

He winced at the recognition, but removed his hat.

"Surprised to see me here, eh? Well, I don't know how I have put up with this poky little hole myself. Your grandmamma is over the way, my boy. Give her my best regards, child, and tell her I have never led you astray, although you did back a loser once at Goodwood, and tried to jump your horse after me on that Hungarian hunting field. Ta! ta!"

"Thanks," stammered the youth, preparing to depart.

She laughed, half-defiantly, half-scornfully.

"Houp-lá!" she said, and snapped her riding-whip as he disappeared.

The Misses Brown confronted her.

"Madam—" began the eldest sister.

Lady Pounce yawned behind her gauntlet.

"I say! have the servants packed up?" she interrupted. "I am going to Naples."

"I fear—we fear there has been some mistake in your coming at all," said Miss Brown, in freezing accents.

Lady Pounce stared at them with her gray eyes.

"Oh no; I have been made comfortable, and your people have really done very well," she replied.

The Misses Brown were petrified into silence.

Lady Pounce departed. She married the Russian nobleman the following summer.

How can the emotions of the unfortunate gentlewomen be described? Chagrin and mortification rendered their nights sleepless and their days miserable. With the morbid self-consciousness which exaggerates personal importance, they beheld the finger of scorn pointed at their hitherto irreproachable abode, and tortured themselves by imagining derisive glances directed toward the balcony haunted by the late heroine of the sawdust. Perhaps the gentlemen who visited her in billycock hats and waistcoats much plaided were clowns in disguise and harlequins off duty. As the Misses Brown shrank into obscurity, oppressed by these reflections, the rival *pension* of Mrs. Brown brightened daily. A current of animation, and even gayety, pervaded the premises of the odious person with a double chin. Each evening strains of music greeted the ear, and the giddy maidens from the British Isles and America could be seen dancing in the gilded salons, while their doting mammas looked on in fatuitous approbation. The cavaliers were officers of the garrison, those graceful and fascinating heroes understood to be in search of Anglo-Saxon brides with suitable settlements. There were bersaglieri from Lombardy and Piedmont, in uniform of black and red, artillerymen in gray with green facings, and cavalrymen resplendent with gold embroideries. The blonde of the North met the velvet-eyed Southern with Greek and Spanish blood in his veins on that common field of speculation, the dominion of Mrs. Brown, who took the world as she found it, in an easy-going fashion, and let people have their own way. Before spring several matches were made. An American school-girl of sixteen danced into matrimony with a dashing lieutenant, boasting a ruined castle in one of the Piedmontese valleys and his regulation pay. The young couple were given unlimited Venetian glass and Paris *bibelots*, and promised, somewhat vaguely, a million or so in the future. The Scotch widow of a Dundee marmalade manufacturer plighted her troth to a Neapolitan marquis, captain of the artillery, while a blue-eyed maiden from Manchester enabled a Sicilian major to retire to the realms of the sulphur king once more.

The Misses Brown were witness of all this unseemly revelry through the lace window curtains, and marvelled to behold old Mrs. Sandilands trotting about in the midst, with every appearance of enjoyment. Mrs. Sandilands honored the new *pension* by her sojourn, for there is no active partisanship so zealous as that actuated by spite to others.

Misfortunes never come singly. The stately Arnolfo feigned excuse of a parent dying at Cortona, and vanished, only to re-appear the next week, enlisted in the service of the jolly matron opposite. So well did he fulfill the delicate mission of managing the new household that the landlady succumbed to his attractions in time, and became Madame Trentadue instead of plain Mrs. Brown. The sign on the door remains unchanged. Arnolfo has attained the glory of which he once dreamed. He drives a light trap, drawn by a big horse, on the Pincian Hill. He is a stout and florid man, still fond of jewelry and a red neck-tie. When he meets his former employers he never fails to doff his shining hat, but there is in the salutation an element of condescension.

The star of prosperity wanes for the Misses Brown.

"That Lady Pounce was so very shocking!" sighs Miss Selina.

"At least we do not keep a matrimonial bureau," adds Miss Brown, with pardonable venom.

They cling obstinately to their own standard of excellence, their system of petty espionage, and extra charges. The world changes, and, above all, the world of fashionable Rome. The Misses

Brown belong to the past, while their rival has adapted herself to the modern life of a court city. A Via Nazionale through the Forum and a statue to King Victor Emanuel on the Capitoline Hill are assuredly in keeping with the matrimonial market of Mrs. Brown's salons. The pace is too rapid for our four gentlewomen. Let them close their shutters, and dream of the peaceful days before Lady Pounce stormed their door with her attendants of the ring.

Virginia W. Johnson.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

As the "heirs of all the ages" it seems as if we might make a better use than we do of our inheritance. All over Europe the loss of forests is deplored. Even in the Scandinavian peninsula, which is nearer than any other country in Europe to the primeval condition in which much of our own soil still lies, there is an extensive literature of forestry, and the study of forest preservation is systematically and effectually pursued. In the British Islands what is done elsewhere by the interposition of government has been done to a great extent by the preservation of the feudal estates, which, upon other grounds, are regarded as public burdens. And in Scotland, the denudation of which has for two centuries been a source of grief to Scotchmen and of scoffing to Englishmen, a National School of Forestry has been formed, and an International Forestry Exhibition has been one of the attractions of Edinburgh during 1884.

Nothing shocks Europeans more than the reckless use we are making of our forest patrimony, as if there were nobody to come after us. We are doing willfully, and in the face of historical and contemporaneous warnings, what the nations of Europe have done without such warnings, and are committing, at the increased rate of speed which saw-mills and other modern means of destruction permit, the ravages which they deplore and which they are trying to repair. By the efforts of a few students of the subject, and above all by the efforts of Mr. Sargent, of the Harvard Arboretum, a real interest in it has been aroused, and this interest is sure to increase. The general and intelligent agitation of the question last year, when the Legislature was asked to arrest the wanton destruction of the Adirondacks, is a sufficient proof of this. The preparation of a bill by the Chamber of Commerce, which had the support of all the other commercial associations of New York, a mass-meeting in the city, and the visit of deputations of busy men to Albany, were welcome testimonies of the interest which the subject had at last aroused. The intimate connection of the forests at the source of the Hudson with the whole system of the water highways of the State, natural and artificial, was shown to be such that the destruction of the North Woods threatened the navigability of the Hudson and its tributaries as well as of the eastern sections of the Erie Canal. The "disastrous consequences" which have ensued in Europe from the destruction of forests are enumerated in "the diminished supply of timber and fire-wood, droughts, floods, land-slips, and sand-drifts," and all of these threaten different areas of the United States.

There is one point of view in which the destruction of the Adirondacks seems much more wanton than the ordinary waste of forests. Ordinarily the land is cleared that it may grow a crop more profitable or more immediately necessary than timber. But there is no pretense of this kind in New York. The land is cleared simply and solely for the value of the timber which stands upon it. The work is done, not by settlers, but by speculators, and when it is completed, its scene will be a rocky desert. It is not to bring the soil into use, but to take it finally out of use, that the forests which shade and nourish it are to be destroyed. When this process involves the disastrous results to a whole great tract of country that will be wrought upon the valley of the Hudson by the destruction of the Adirondacks, then, if ever, the State has a right to say to the people who are working to this result, that the rights of the public are paramount to those of private owners, that no private owner can have such an ownership as will justify him in bringing a blight upon the soil which he does not cultivate, but does devastate, and that the case is one for the exercise of the right of eminent domain.

This was the feeling with which the agitators set to work, and it is melancholy to note how little their efforts have thus far accomplished. It is only fair to say, however, that it was not only the interested opposition of the persons who find their account in the destruction of the forests that stood in the way. Simple as the principle just laid down is, the question of applying it, under the form of government of the State of New York, so as not to produce more mischief than it cured, was really serious and complicated, and one can readily understand how an intelligent and conscientious legislator may have shrunk from giving his sanction to any of the more radical schemes which were proposed. These scruples were scarcely enough regarded by the advocates of the measures for creating a public park in the Adirondacks. When a measure came before the Legislature in which the principle was involved with no troublesome details, it is just to remember that the Legislature gave a vigorous enforcement to the principle. The opportunity was presented by an application for a charter to a railroad which was to traverse the wilderness. The evident and indeed the avowed object of the incorporators was to clear out all the merchantable timber in the Adirondacks in the shortest possible time. The railroad would then have had no further function, and the whole Adirondack region would have relapsed into a desert worthless for any human purpose. This monstrous measure, when its character was explained, was promptly defeated. But while giving our lawmakers credit for its defeat, it is also true that there is good reason to suspect many of them of alleging the difficulties of making a practicable bill to cover their virtual attorneyship for the lumbermen who have been for many years cutting down the timber alike upon State lands and private lands, and who have found the business so profitable as to make them wish to continue it to the extirpation of the forests. If the last Legislature had been actuated, as some of its members were, solely by the desire to draw a bill which should subserve the public purpose in view, without opening the door to abuses equally great with those the removal of which was sought, the difficulties in the way of drawing such a bill would have vanished.

Our sketches from the devastated regions give almost ghastly evidence of the need that some effective steps should be taken to arrest the conversion of a wilderness into a desert. It is not only, and perhaps not mainly, the loss of the timber actually cut down that makes the destruction a public calamity. It is possible that under an intelligent supervision nearly as much timber might be actually marketed from the Adirondacks as is now done, without destroying their value as a "storage reservoir" of the rain-fall, or their attractiveness to sportsmen and holiday-makers. It is the incidental destruction by fires and by the backwater of dams built to facilitate logging operations that most strongly proves the wantonness with which the work has been done, and the need of a rigid supervision in behalf of the people of the State.

GREAT GUNS.

In this number of the Weekly we present a sketch of three huge guns intended for the turrets of the *Puritan*, and appropriately called Satan, Lucifer, and Moloch. The *Puritan* is one of the double-turreted Monitors still awaiting completion, each designed to carry four of the heaviest guns now existing in this country.

Monstrous, however, as these implements of destruction may seem, they are pigmies compared with the ordnance now in use among European nations. Twenty-two years ago America led the naval world alike in the impregnability of her ships and the irresistible power of their batteries. Then the 11-inch smooth-bores of the little *Monitor* were amazing, while the 15-inch, 20-ton guns cast for our *Dictators* and *Puritans*, which were capable of shooting through the armor of any European iron-clad then afloat, seemed prodigies.

All that old superiority has now passed away. Guns once Brobdingnagian have shrunk by comparison to be Lilliputian. Cast-iron guns, not without stubborn resistance from some devotees, have mainly given way to steel; muzzle-loaders are supplanted by breech-loaders; and now our once marvellous 20-ton Dahlgrens or Rodmans are dwarfed by the 35-ton Whitworths, the 43, 51, 68, 76, and 97 ton Krupps, the 80-ton guns of Woolwich, and the 100-ton Armstrongs. Yet even in these marvels of artillery it is worth knowing that American ideas of mammoth powder and low initial pressures have been preserved.

The 100-ton Armstrong has repeatedly demonstrated at Spezia its ability, with projectiles like Krupp's and Fossano powder, to shoot through two feet of steel armor and several feet more of oak backing. It can riddle, in other words, the armored side or turret of the most powerful war ships. The hardened steel projectile of this tremendous weapon weighs from 1950 to 2000 pounds. The huge powder grains go about two to the pound, and the charge of powder for a single shot is about 770 pounds, or more than a third of a ton. It can be imagined how fearful a bursting charge is carried within one of these projectiles, which can be driven through twenty-five or thirty inches of steel armor.

Yet the possibilities of gunsmithery in this direction are not exhausted. Colonel Hope is making for the British War-Office a 100-ton gun which, in a 12-inch tube, is to propel a 1200-pound shell, with the unprecedented charge of fifteen hundred-weight of powder, or three-fourths of a ton. Krupp is making for Italian coast-defense a monster gun to weigh 130 tons. Indeed, a little reflection will suggest that there is no limit to the possible increase of size in guns, except in the capacity of ships to carry them and to give room for their manipulation, and, on land, in a like ability to transport and conveniently handle them. Meanwhile it is evident that each discharge of one of these huge weapons costs hundreds of dollars for the powder and shot expended.

Returning to what our own country is doing in the manufacture of great guns, we find that, after devoting itself for a long time to the conversion of its huge cast-iron smooth-bores into more powerful rifled guns of smaller calibre by the insertion of steel tubes in the bore, it has at length taken up the manufacture of new rifled guns, both steel and wire-wound, and of calibres from six up to twelve inches. Commodore Sicard says that in the 10-inch, 10½-inch, and 12-inch high-power hooped guns, lately designed, the weight of the shot will be respectively 500, 550, and 850 pounds, and that of the charge 250, 275, and 425 pounds. After that may come a 16-inch hooped gun. The Army Board which reports to Congress gives figures a little different, as it estimates that the 10-inch and 12-inch guns should have projectiles weighing 575 and 894 pounds respectively, with charges of 225 and 453 pounds of powder. The 16-inch gun would be a prodigious weapon, weighing nearly 108 tons, carrying a projectile weighing 1631 pounds, and propelled by 650 pounds of powder. This would be in every sense worthy of the age of great guns.

Our country, however, must wait many years before it can be provided with a suitable supply of heavy guns both for ships and coast defenses. Even in making its experimental guns the government has been forced to delay many months before receiving from foreign manufacturers the steel forgings it had ordered. General Benét thinks the inevitable inference to be that we must look to home production for the material of our guns. Yet it would take two years to arrange a plant, and two more to properly test the guns, so that four years would be consumed even before guns of moderate calibre could be obtained.

However, with all the present disadvantages, and in spite of the limited facilities at present existing in this country for the manufacture of heavy guns, it only requires energetic and liberal action by Congress to insure a good supply of weapons of all required calibres before, according to our present peaceful prospects, they will be practically needed. It is necessary to remember that great guns can not be extemporized. Almost with the stamp of a foot enormous armies may be gathered out of the millions of patriotic citizens, eager to defend the country. With like swiftness huge earth-works can be thrown up for the defense of harbors. But the supply of guns for these works is not effected by any necromancer's magic. It requires time and care, and this is the appropriate work of peace.

THE CATTLE CONVENTION.

Monday, November 17, the first National Convention of the cattle-growers of the West assembled at the Exposition Building in St. Louis, and lasted till Saturday. It was a remarkable and representative body of picked men, numbering nearly twelve hundred delegates, and attracting distinguished visitors from all parts of the United States. Aside from its varied and picturesque features, the Convention possesses a historical and commercial importance of the highest order. Our Aryan ancestors were herdsmen, and drove their cattle before them on those westward waves of migration that peopled the Black Forest and the Swabian hills. The race has been pastoral no less than agricultural, and its heroes have been tamers of horses and owners of broad-fronted cattle no less than wielders of swords and captains of sea-craft. At the present time the most intelligent skill, the greatest investment of capital, and the finest natural resources to be found within any equal pastoral area known to man are contained within the vast region that extends from the Rio Grande to the Saskatchewan, and from Nebraska to California. It is the region once held by the Indian and the buffalo, then by wandering trappers and frontiersmen, such as Carson, Sublette, and Saint Vrain, then by prospectors and miners. Now, this western third of the continent is cut into prosperous States and Territories. It has its cities, its mines, its thousands of small farmers, its railroad lines, its myriad resources and noble progressiveness. Yet everywhere from northern Idaho to southern Texas the bonds that link it together are the slender paths of cattle trails, its richest men are "cattle kings," and its dime-novel desperado is the festive cow-boy, with his sombrero, revolver, and broncho.

This virile and energetic Convention must go down in history as the most influential assemblage of men engaged in pastoral pursuits heretofore held in the world. The twelve hundred delegates represented about three thousand million dollars of associated capital invested by the members of various local associations. Among their number were Governors, Senators, generals, and graduates from leading American and English universities. Ex-Governor Routt, of Colorado, was made chairman, and Governor Crittenden, of Missouri, delivered the address. It was a business assemblage of well-dressed and intelligent American citizens, many of them past middle age, nearly all of them pioneers who had helped to develop the new West, and had worked their way up from the ranks. The men chosen by their associates in the hundreds of county and Territorial organizations were far from being rude or uneducated adventurers; theirs were ability, experience, and practical talents of the highest order, and their assemblage destroyed a multitude of preconceived ideas about the cattle kings of the West.

The evolution of this Convention from simple forms of early organization is remarkable, and well deserves the notice of some able institutional historian, who should carry his studies back to the famous Mexican *Alcaldes de Mesta* and the early California "judges of the field." Cattle-growing on the plains of the Northwest and the foot-hills of the Rockies is an industry of recent growth. Only twenty-five years ago the incalculable pastoral wealth of the broad plateaus of Colorado, Wyoming, and other Territories was not suspected even by Western men. At the present time some of the best beef that goes to Europe is bred and fattened on the *gramma*-grass and wind-swept buffalo ranges of what our schoolboy maps termed the Great American Desert. Single cattle-owners and private partnerships at first led the way, but the West a score of years ago was not the law-abiding community of to-day, and outlaws and Indians often decimated the wandering herds, so that closer organization became desirable. The first Cattle Association in America is said to have been commenced by six cattle-owners in Finis, Texas, only eighteen years ago, and has now grown into the great "Northwestern" association, which covers an immense range, and owns nearly 2,000,000 cattle, distributed among several hundred owners. Originating in a desire on the part of cattle-owners to protect themselves against thieves, these associations soon proved their economic uses and high commercial value.

The most gigantic association of the kind in the world is the "Wyoming Cattle-Growers," with its 425 members. It was organized in 1874, and includes the prominent cattle-men in Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana. It deals directly with railroads, stock-yards, and shippers to Europe, and the combined wealth of its members is said to be $150,000,000. They own 2,000,000 head of cattle, which range over a territory five hundred miles square, or five times the area of all England. The "Nevada" association contains five hundred members, with 1,500,000 head of cattle, and their ranges are in California, Oregon, Nevada, and southern Idaho. The "Southern Texas" have 4,650,000 acres of land fenced, and own 420,000 head of cattle and 45,000 horses; the total value of their property is over $20,000,000, and they employ 1500 herdsmen. The greatest of the seven cattle associations of New Mexico, where 40,000,000 acres are controlled by cattle-men, is the "Northern," of which Governor Hadley is president. Its valuation is $22,000,000, consisting of 800,000 cattle and 15,000,000 acres of range. The "Comanche" association controls 800,000 acres. The "Cheyenne and Arrapahoe" company owns ranches over three hundred miles in length. Single individuals in some of these associations, such as R. H. Head, Richard King, J. W. Simpson, and Alexander H. Swan, own from 80,000 to 150,000 head of cattle. In some cases the Indian tribes have joined a cattle association, and prospered greatly. Chief Joseph Peryman was one of the delegates from the "Muscogee and Seminole" association.

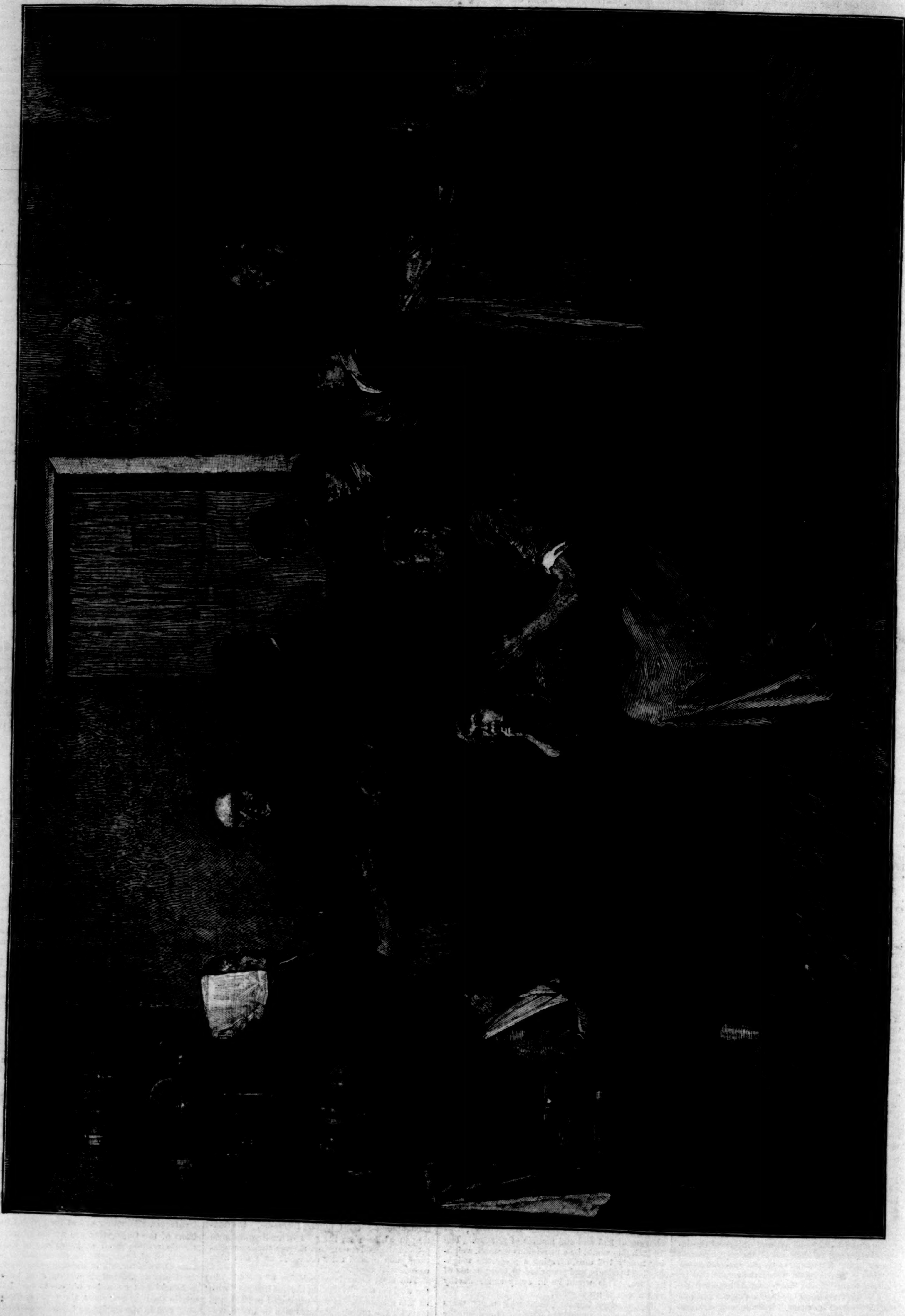
The National Convention was first suggested by a circular letter sent out on the 18th of last January by the representatives of a number of cattle associations whose head-quarters are in St. Louis. They stated that the commercial importance of the cattle interests of the United States, particularly of the West, had never received proper recognition, and that the time had come for a close and efficient organization of all the separate associations into a great deliberative body, whose delegates should meet at least once yearly for the transaction of business. The proposal attracted much attention among cattle-men, and the Kansas quarantine a few months later made the Convention inevitable. Briefly stated, the Texas fever infected many cattle in Kansas, and the State authorities interfered to prevent transit. Texas is one of the best of cattle-raising regions, but they must be fattened further north, in Montana or Nebraska; hence strict quarantine seriously threatens the great industry of the Southwest. The plan of establishing a national cattle trail from the Rio Grande to British America, extending across Texas, the Pan-handle, Indian Territory, Kansas, Nebraska, and Montana, was at once mooted. The proposed "cow-path" is to be ten or fifteen miles wide and fifteen hundred miles long, and its practicability was under discussion all last summer in the columns of local newspapers and in ten thousand pioneer cabins. The cattle-men also wish to be permitted to lease grazing lands from the government. They will send representatives to Washington to endeavor to secure Congressional action in both these directions.

St. Louis was in holiday attire. The leading firms vied with each other in decorations and seductive advertisements calculated to please and flatter their visitors. The picture stores filled their windows with cattle scenes; the furniture dealers showed horn and antler chairs; the daily newspapers illustrated the Convention and its varied scenes; a "Don Quixote" burlesque company paraded the streets; the cattle-men were the heroes of the entire week, and their stories, adventures, and plans the universal topic of conversation.

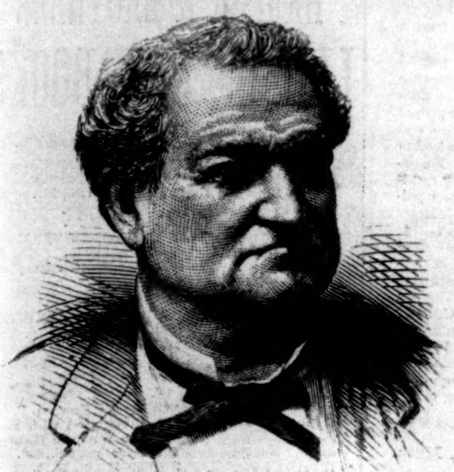
The only feature of the Convention that seemed in some degree frontier-like was the "cowboy band." Truth to say, there are none of the gorgeous and terrible cow-boys left, except in the novels. The cow-driver, red-shirted and long-haired, who never carried less than six revolvers, and who rode his mustang into saloons and restaurants whenever the fancy seized him, has blossomed into a hearty, healthy band of musicians from Dodge City, whose leader waves a silver-mounted pistol for a baton, and whose members wear a picturesque and costly attire, the glorified ideal of a Spanish-American costume, from its white sombrero with half an acre of brim to its untanned calf-skin *chapaderos* and clinking spurs. All the cattle kings pay good wages, and desire only honest, faithful men as herders, so that men of ability often begin life this way, and the young men belonging to the band in question have devoted several years to musical study.

Everywhere in the Convention were men whose lives would read like strange and marvellous romances. Some went West as "tenderfoots" of the greenest sort, and have developed into robust, red-faced, and round-waisted cattle kings; some made and lost half a dozen fortunes before their fates were fairly lifted up and carried to success on the horns of a wild Texan steer. They have been snowed in in lonely cabins; they have fought Indians and wolves and the fierce elements; they are scarred and wounded, and yet victorious, these great and hearty men of Homeric laughter, and shoulders like John Ridd's in *Lorna Doone*.

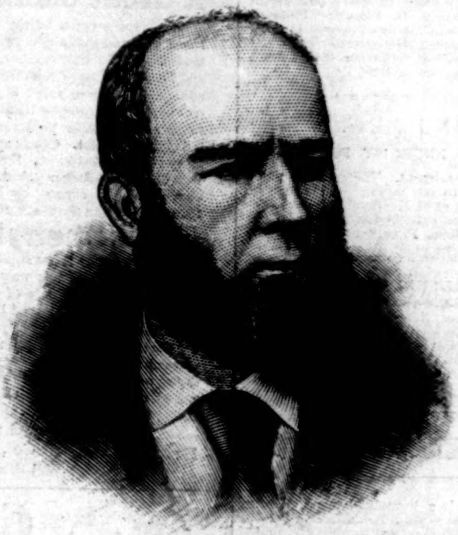
Such a varied assemblage has seldom been witnessed on the continent. Here, a piercing-eyed Southerner, an ex-Texan Ranger, talked with a clean-built Harvard man from his ranges in Idaho, or with an English nobleman's son from the Wyoming districts. There, knit in close conversation, were Colonel Ingersoll and ex-Senator Dorsey, and merchants from Chicago, and editors of New York agricultural journals, and ex-miners (now cattle-raisers) from the hills of California. Whether or not the present suggestions of the Convention are worthy of adoption, the Convention itself ranks as one of the great events of the year, and its permanent organization can not but aid in lessening the expense of food and improving its quality, thus benefiting producer and consumer alike. If no "national cattle trail" is set apart, the present discussion may end in the building of a railroad north and south across the cattle kings' prosperous empire.



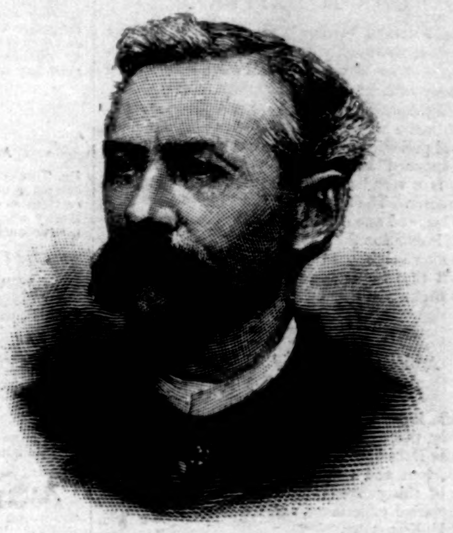
"HOW IT HAPPENED."—From the Painting by M. A. Woolf.—[See Page 808.]



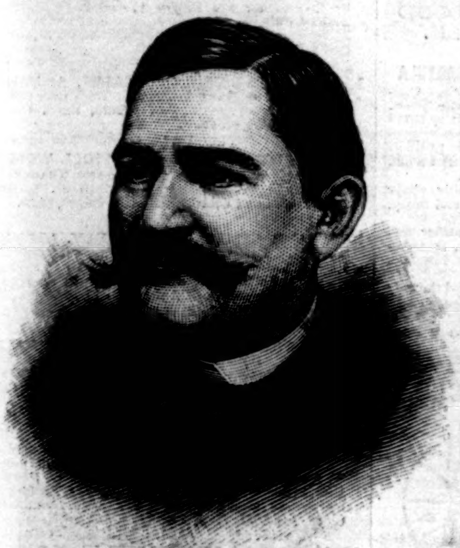
EDWARD RICHARDSON, PRESIDENT NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.—Photographed by Washburn.



ALBERT BALDWIN, VICE-PRESIDENT NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.—Photographed by Washburn.

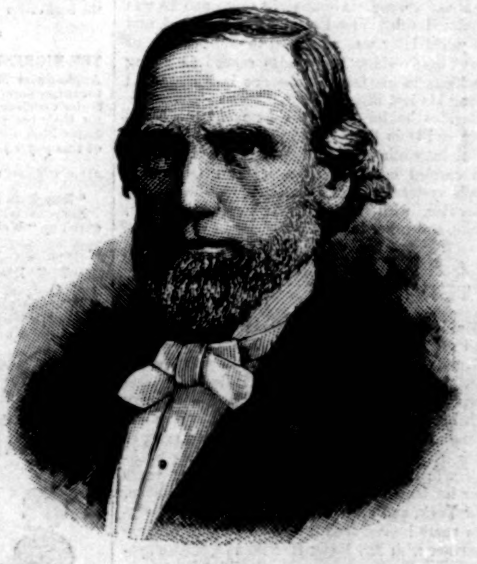


COLONEL E. A. BURKE, DIRECTOR-GENERAL NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.—Photographed by Walter.

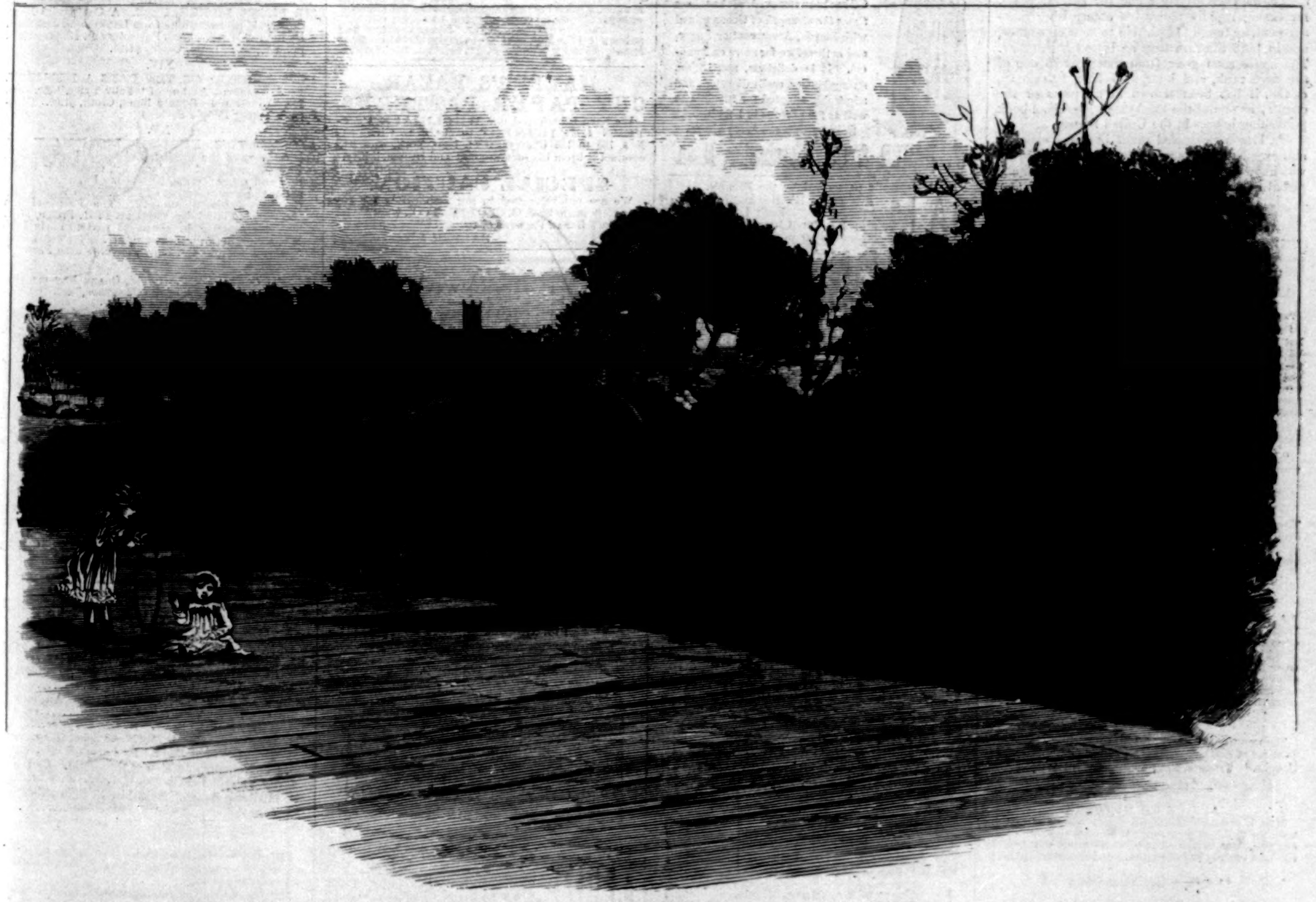


SAMUEL MULLEN, CHIEF OF INSTALLATION DEPARTMENT NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

THE LATE HENRY IVISON.
[See Page 808.]



THE LATE BISHOP WILEY.
[See Page 801.]



BIG GUNS IN THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—Photographed by C. R. Hatton.—[See Page 805.]

"HOW IT HAPPENED."

MR. MICHAEL ANGELO WOOLF is one of the best and most thoroughly original of the pictorial humorists of the day. A vein of most entertaining drollery runs through all his work, and the comical incongruities which his fertile fancy devises have made his name famous wherever our illustrated periodicals circulate. His picture of "How it Happened" is one of his more ambitious efforts, and is a very happy depiction of incidents and character. The figures are full of humorous suggestion, and one can almost hear the rich Hibernian intonation that must linger in the ears of the listening neighbors who are learning how it came about that young Marcus Tullius O'Flaherty fell and broke his little arm.

A PROMINENT RAILROAD PRESIDENT.

MR. ROBERT GARRETT, who has succeeded his father, the late JOHN W. GARRETT, as President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, assumes this important and responsible position at the early age of thirty-seven; but he brings to it a large and varied experience, and executive abilities of the highest order.

MR. GARRETT graduated from Princeton with honor, and soon afterward made a long European tour for the purpose of looking into foreign railroad systems and extending the connections of his house abroad. About eight years ago he was appointed third Vice-President of the road, and five years later was advanced to the position of first Vice-President. He also served as acting President in his father's absence in Europe and during his last illness.

Besides holding the Presidency of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, MR. GARRETT is interested in many other enterprises. He largely shaped and carried out the Baltimore and Ohio telegraph system, and is connected, as director or otherwise, with various telephone companies, banks, and other institutions.

THE LATE HENRY IVISON.

MR. HENRY IVISON, who died in this city on the 26th ult., and whose portrait is given on page 807, was for more than half a century connected with the American book trade. Born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1808, he came to this country with his parents at the age of twelve, and entered the employment of Mr. WILLIAM WILLIAMS, of Utica, New York, then one of the leading booksellers in the interior of this State. Ten years later he began business for himself at Auburn, New York, and after a prosperous career of sixteen years he removed to this city, and became a partner with Mr. MARK H. NEWMAN, whose specialty was the publishing of school-books.

On the death of Mr. NEWMAN the care of the business devolved upon Mr. IVISON, and he carried it on successfully alone for several years. Increasing rapidly under his enterprising management, he found it desirable to seek assistance, and in 1856 the firm became IVISON & PHINNEY. The house soon grew from that time to one of the first rank, and later as IVISON, BLAKEMAN, & Co., it has been known in all parts of the country as one of the most extensive school-book publishing houses in the United States.

Mr. IVISON possessed great business capacity and excellent judgment, and was esteemed by all who knew him for his high personal character and genial qualities.

THE HORSFORD ALMANAC AND COOK BOOK Mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.—[*Adv.*]

THE TROUBLE SAFELY OVER.

STOMACH trouble is serious business while it lasts; but what a blessed relief to have it depart! Mrs. F. G. Wells, of 19 Atlantic Street, Hartford, Conn., writes that she tried Brown's Iron Bitters for stomach trouble, and that she experienced such relief that the trouble is now entirely over. She recommends this great iron medicine to all who are afflicted. It cures liver and kidney complaint.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt-rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE,

THE Best and Cheapest Hair Dressing. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous growth of the Hair. Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 199 Dean St., Brooklyn, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.—[*Adv.*]

THREE or four hours every night coughing. Get immediate relief and sound rest by using Wells' "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c.; Liquid, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Pain" Plaster.—Poroused, strengthening, for Backache, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

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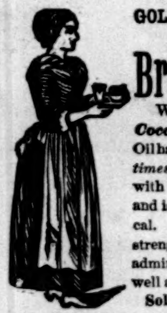

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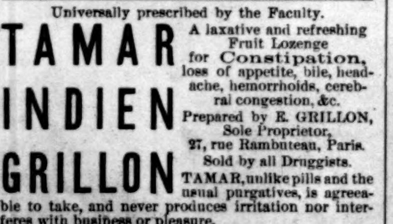

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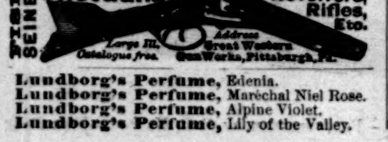

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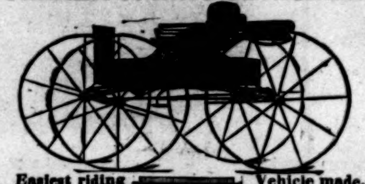

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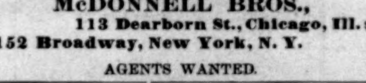

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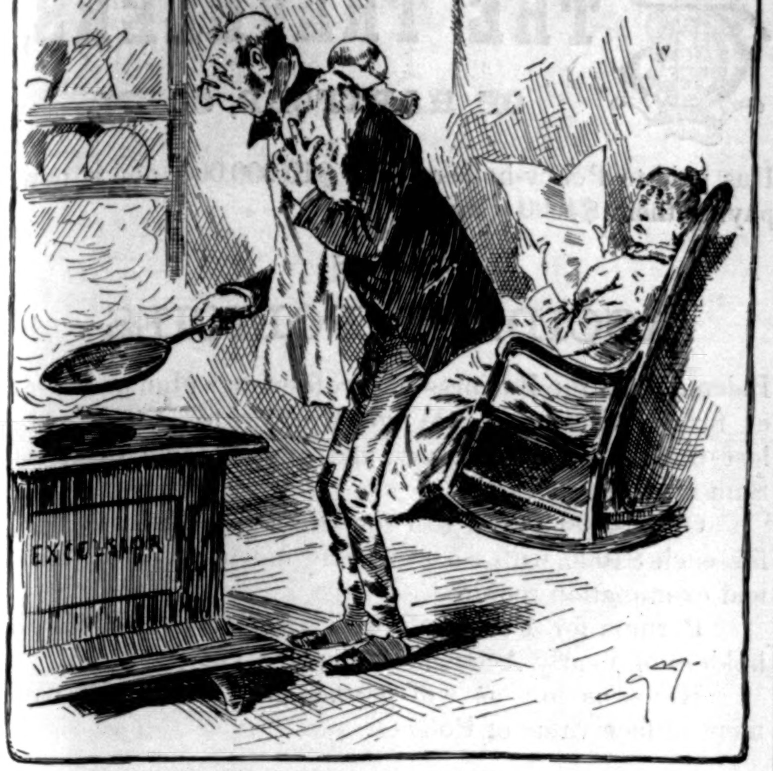

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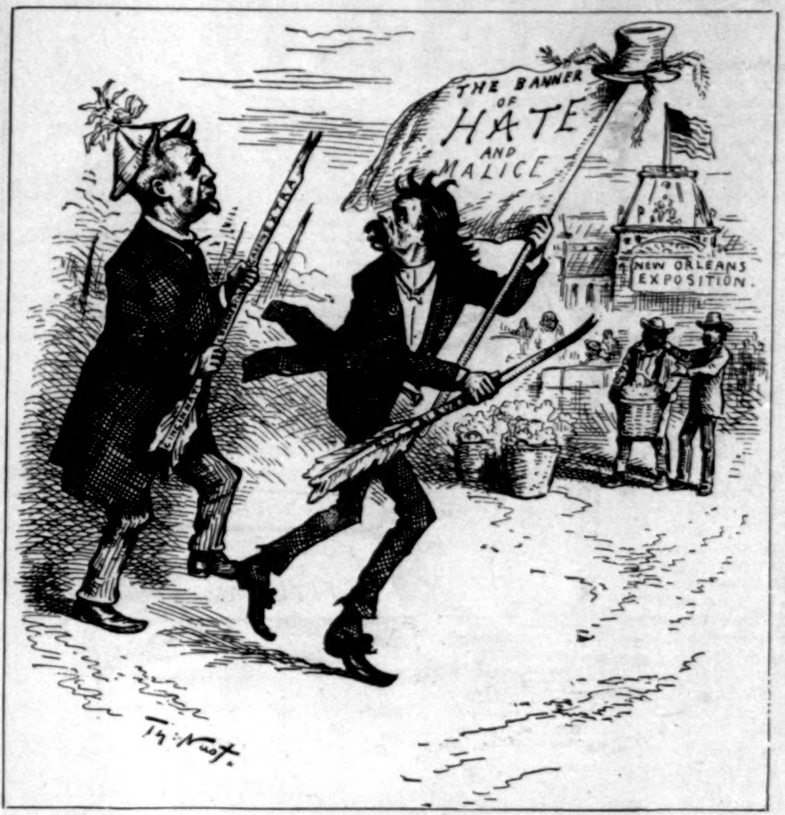

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